

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

NOVEMBER, 1953

RNS Photo



MISSIONARY HORIZONS

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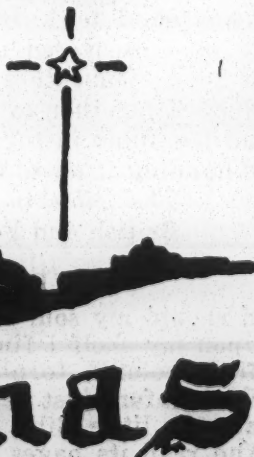
Peace

"Peace! The perfect word is sounding, like a universal hymn,
Under oceans, over mountains, to the world's remotest rim;
Light! At last the deadly arrows of the Archer find their mark.
Loathesome forms are shuddering backward to the shelter of the dark.
Hope! The nations stand together on the borders of a dawn
That shall dim the noonday splendor of the ages that are gone.
Peace, and light, and hope of morning! Let the belfries reel and sway
While the world is swinging swiftly out of darkness into day,
Into light beyond our dreaming, into peace, good-will toward men,
Hope beyond the poet's vision, joy beyond the prophet's ken.

"Shall the nations still, forever, struggle forward one by one?
Or shall we go up together, brotherlike, to greet the sun?
And behold! At last our country takes her rightful place with men.
Never shall the seas divide her from the world's great need again.
That old dream has fled forever, that we dwell, serene and far,
With God's special smile to light us, on some steady, separate star.
All the hopes of subject peoples, all the dreams of the oppressed
Must be ours, our hopes, our visions. We can never stay or rest
Till the rounded earth together, to the last isle of the sea,
All our many-language kindred shall be free as we are free.

"Other feet than ours may stand there on the mountain's lonely crown,
We may faint upon the high trails, fall and lay our burden down.
Yet, enough to fill one lifetime is this joy Death cannot touch,
Peace and light and hope of morning! These are ours, they are much.
Forward, then! And onward, upward, toward the greater days to be,
All the nations singing with us one great song, fraternally.
Up and up, achieving, failing, weak in flesh but strong of soul—
We may never live to reach it. Ah, but we have seen the goal."

—Odell Shepard



Christmas

What Saith The Scripture?

THE INWARD, UPWARD, OUTWARD LOOK

I'm glad I find within God's Book
The inward, upward, outward look.
Each time I read its pages fair
The Holy Spirit meets me there,
And seems to whisper in my ear,
"I have a message you should hear."

First, He bids me look within
To search for any hidden sin
That may be lurking in my heart,
From which I'm helpless to depart;

And then He bids me look above
Where God awaits in tender love
To cleanse my heart at my request
And strengthen me for every test.

When I have met Him thus in prayer,
He always makes me more aware
Of needs which I can surely meet
If I but claim His promise sweet.

I'm glad I find within God's Book
The inward, upward, outward look.

—War Cry.

STUDENTS IN ETHIOPIA AND THE BIBLE

At closing time one evening a library assistant in Addis Ababa found on one of the desks an Amharic Bible, evidently left behind by a reader. The librarian, Mr. Anton Jonsson (of the Swedish Bible Friends Mission), looked inside the book for the name of its owner—but instead of one name he found ten! Inquiries were made and it was discovered that this Bible was owned by a syndicate of ten students who had clubbed together to buy it; each of the ten had the Bible in turn for so many days before handing it on to the next on the list.

—*The Bible in the World*
British and Foreign Bible Society

MY BIBLE

And should my soul be torn with grief
Upon my shelf I find
A little volume, torn and thumbed,
For comfort just designed.
I take my little Bible down
And read its pages o'er,
And when I part from it I find
I'm stronger than before.

—Edgar A. Guest

I, II, III John

December Bible Book-of-the-Month

1. To whom are each of John's epistles addressed? For whom intended?

2. For what purpose do you think John wrote them? What similarity do you note as you compare these letters with John's Gospel?

3. Quote three remarkable brief statements about God.

4. List words and thoughts that are often repeated? Why did John repeat them?

5. What two words beginning with "L" express how life must be tested?

6. How can mankind be cleansed from sin?

7. What is John's practical teaching concerning how we can have fellowship with God?

8. Who is the "Elect Lady" of II John?

9. What insight into the early Christian Church is given to us in II and III John?

10. Can you define "God's love"?

DIAGRAM OF PARALLELISM in I John

Fellowship=Knowing God;
Knowing God=Loving Him;
Loving Him=Being in Him;
Being in Him=Abiding in Him;
Abiding in Him=Anointed of Him;
Anointed of Him=Born of Him;
Born of Him=Doing Righteousness

From *Outline Studies in the New Testament*, by William G. Moorehead, Professor of beloved memory in Xenia Theological Seminary

THE BIBLE OF THE RACE

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, or leaves of stone.
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While rolls the sea, while mists the mountain shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliff of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

—James Russell Lowell

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1953

No. 3

The Inward Look—Worship Service

By REVEREND HENRY DAHLBERG (Class of '53, Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary),
First Presbyterian Church, Coral Gables, Florida

WHAT SAITH JOHN IN HIS EPISTLES?

Scripture: I John 1:1-3; 3:1-3; 5:13; 4:10; II John 5; III John 5-8.

Introduction: In the month when we exchange Christmas greetings, rejoicing in the birth of Our Saviour, it is particularly appropriate to study the letters which have been described as "springing from the heart of the writer and speaking directly to the heart of the readers." Although John's letters were written for a specific purpose, and in our study we ought to determine the original design, there is about them an agelessness which only God's Word can claim. They are for us; as John has said, "... these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full."

Analysis: John's first letter is addressed to the church in general. It has been called "The Epistle of Certainties." The word "know" or its equivalent appears more than thirty times. It is John's intent that those who receive it may be strengthened in their faith and have a deeper assurance of eternal life (I John 5:13). He also desires to add to their joy (1:4); to guard them against sin (2:1); and to warn them against false teachers (2:26). After setting forth the true nature of fellowship with God, John describes the blessings and duties of such a relationship.

John's second letter is "to the elect lady and her children" warning them against the "many deceivers" who seek to mislead those "walking in the truth." These false teachers are described in vs. 7-11. In this letter "love" and "truth" are emphasized.

The third letter of John is directed

to "Gaius the beloved," and speaks of Christian hospitality. We find here a contrast between Spirit-led Demetrius and self-exalting Diotrephes.

Meditation: To read John's letters is to think again of John's Gospel. He has told us that God is spirit, light, and love. Here we have the recurring theme of fellowship with the God of light and love. John's aim is that his readers should share his experiences as well as his convictions of communion with God in and through Jesus Christ. (I John 1:3). We read that the closer our fellowship is with God, the closer our fellowship is with each other. (I John 1:7). And we are to understand that "God is light" means more than mere illumination of the mind—it means absolute purity and holiness, revealed to us in Christ. (I John 1:5).

But mere talk of fellowship with God is not enough; we must bear witness to that fellowship. The truth has been revealed to us, light has come into the darkness, and we must let love shine through. Fellowship with God means likeness to God (cf. I Cor. 13). Too often we pay lip service only, forgetting that we must verify our claims by evidences of our faith. In these letters we find not only an explanation of fellowship, but the responsibilities of fellowship, both for individuals and for churches.

Prayer: Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we may increase in love, and be so led by the Spirit that our witness before others will quicken them to desire fellowship with God through Jesus Christ. In His Name we pray. Amen.

The Upward Look

By MRS. WALTER C. BRETHAUER, WGMS Prayer Group Secretary,
118 Brightwood Ave., Pittsburgh 29, Pa.

• Pray that Christmas may be more than a day for gifts, feasting and pleasure, but rather that it might be a time of INWARD experience—of seeing His Star and finding anew the Christ Child, Immanuel, God with us and in us. Pray that Christmas may be a time of great joy to all believers, a time of strengthening of faith and trust, especially to those who have great burdens to bear.

• Give thanks that the little child, the aged, the weak and the strong, the unlearned and the scholarly, the rich and the poor, people of all races and nationalities may worship the Christ and find in this UPWARD experience soul satisfaction, peace. Pray that the day may come quickly

when people everywhere shall bow before Him and confess, "My Lord and my God."

• Pray that the spirit of giving that prevails at Christmastide may be expressed in gifts that are pleasing to Him. Pray that Christians everywhere may grow in their OUTWARD vision of Kingdom work, and that there may be a greater sense of responsibility for giving gifts of prayer, of material aid, and of service. Pray especially that there may be a sufficient number of men and women, fitted for missionary service, who will offer themselves so that all opportunities open to us for bringing the message of salvation may be taken.

STAR OF THE EAST

*Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out tonight, O Star!*

*Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.*

*Star of the East! show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!*

—Selected

The Outward Look— To Christ In Christmas

'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone.
He must be born within the heart
Before He finds His throne,
And brings the day of love and good,
The reign of Christ-like brotherhood.
—Mary T. Lanthrop



LOOKING — In —
Up — ward —
Out —

"We Have Seen His Star"
"And Are Come to Worship"
"We Bring Gifts"

These three topics featured in this issue of *Missionary Horizons* bring to a close our program plans for the year. Throughout 1953 you were invited each month to take the "inward, upward, outward look."

The *Inward Look* sent us to the epistles of the New Testament. We are grateful to Dr. H. Ray Shear and his students in the 1953 Class of Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary for their Worship-Service interpretation of these epistles.

For the *Upward Look* in Prayer we are indebted to Mrs. Walter C. Brethauer, Prayer Group Secretary.

The *Outward Look* was designed to enlarge the horizons of our sympathy, love and understanding of the people in our mission lands. Our sincere appreciation to the many writers of our Program Topics, especially to the missionaries of Egypt, Sudan, Ethiopia and Pakistan-India, and to those serving in Mountain, Indian and Negro missions.

Appreciatively we hold in remembrance one more—the leader of the Tuesday morning Prayer service who read a cherished poem entitled, "The Inward, Upward, Outward Look." Was it by chance that she read it? Was it by chance that it seemed the perfect answer to that which would bind together like the warp threads of a lovely tapestry, the various topic "woof threads" agreed upon by the *Program Calendar* committee? We believe it was the leading of the Holy Spirit.

We hope that the 1953 *Program Calendar* has deepened the Christian purpose of all who used it—and now it is time to lay aside that brown-inked tan *Program Calendar* (pictured here) which has guided through 1953, and to take up the blue-inked gray-covered one for 1954 to widen and deepen our spiritual horizons on the theme, "Christ for the World." (Available now, See p. 162) *Editor*



"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

His Star Led Me to Ethiopia

By MARJORIE FAUGHT, Philadelphia, Pa., on extended furlough from Ethiopia

★ Can each one of us say what the wise men said, "We have seen His star?" Have we really seen His star? If we have, what have we done about it?

The wise men saw it and immediately prepared for the long, hard journey in order to follow the star. They knew that where the star would lead them, they would find their King; seeing His star had given them a purpose in life. As they journeyed, perhaps sometimes they grew weary and wondered when that search would ever end. Finally, nearing their goal, they asked specific directions, and following them, they saw with great joy that the star at last stood still. They had arrived and they were exceedingly joyful. They found the King and fell down and worshipped Him. There was no doubt in their minds, and they opened to Him their treasures. Then they went back to their country.

The record does not tell us what they did. We can fill that in for ourselves. "They departed into their own country by another way." May it not be that they departed to live another way of life? Could they ever be the same when once they had looked on the face of their King? And they could not keep the good tidings to themselves—we may be sure of that.

It pleased the Lord to show me His star when I was in my teens. Giving my life to Him I set out to follow all the way. That way, for me, led to the foreign mission field. The journey was not always easy, and it was longer than I had anticipated. Finishing high school I entered nurses' training. That is not an easy path for a high school girl to travel over. But I praise the Lord that He kept me through those years, and the vision was not dimmed.

When I was through training I was not ready to go out yet, and the family would not hear of me going at such an early age. I needed to learn to use "The sword of the Spirit." So I was able to work one year and go to Seminary the following year, having obtained a nursing scholar-

ship which cut expenses in half. Before the first year was up I became ill, and had to give up the scholarship. That summer I worked, and borrowed some money for my second year at Seminary. When I finished that second year, I worked some to pay off my debt, thinking that now I would soon be going out to the field. But they were Depression years, and I could not be sent. I continued to work and to pray, and then in 1933, because of the resignation of a nurse in Ethiopia, I was appointed to that field. And it was my first choice!

I praise the Lord for His leading and blessing during the past twenty years when it has been my privilege to serve Him in Ethiopia and in Pakistan. The way has not always been smooth, but the One Who

said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," has been true to His promises. The years have brought danger, illness, wars, the making of serious decisions, change of fields, heartaches and disappointments in the work, as well as joys and triumphs. Now I am having to make the hardest decision of my life, to decide to stay home due to family conditions, instead of returning to Ethiopia at the end of furlough. My mother

is bedridden as the result of a stroke and needs me with her at this time. I have the Lord's promise, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, that you should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain—" Just now it seems that His "go" means to stay and bear witness in Jerusalem. A busy pastor was suddenly taken from his work and laid aside. He says, "My being laid aside was not a mere detour, but the real highway." So I pray that this period in my life may be, not a detour, but a highway.

TRUST IN GOD

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God and do the Right.

—Norman Macleod





Courtesy of D. Fleming, "Each With His Own Brush"

AN INDIAN CONCEPTION OF THE NATIVITY

Many Indians believe that one or more of the Wise Men who visited the Christ Child came from India, though in this picture Persians are in the foreground. Each is dedicating his special treasure to the service of the Christ Child

His Star Led Me to Pakistan-India

By MARGARET BALLANTYNE, Pittsburgh, Pa., on furlough from Pakistan-India

★ In 1895 three cousins who had been reared on adjoining farms near Xenia, Ohio (Grace Williamson Gordon, Alma Collins McConnelee, Blanche Collins Ballantyne) accompanied their husbands to the Sialkot mission in India. The thirteen children of the three families grew up thinking of the Punjab as "home," loving the Punjabi people and the work of the mission, and seeing with their own eyes the desperate need of the land.

I was one of these "lucky thirteen" children, never free from the tug to go back to the people of the Punjab; but when college days were over the path of duty lay at home for six years. Then, when I was ready to go to India the door of that land was closed with "NO FUNDS" written across it.

Eight more years, rich and happy, passed by in our mountain work in the Smokies of Tennessee. Suddenly "a star in the East" and I followed it quickly and gladly—first to college work, then district work in a Christian mass-movement area, and finally to the far north to fanatical non-Christian territory, where most of the time one might think one were "sowing the Seed on solid rock." But the Star that guided to that land, guides in that land as the following story portrays:

Twenty-two years ago, Miss Ella Gordon

had taught Bani Begum, the wife of a Muslim school teacher in Campbellpur, and had brought her to a knowledge of the Saviour and to a great love for Him. The teacher was transferred to various towns and finally he retired to a bigoted, distant village of 16,000 people. Twelve years ago Miss Janette Howland was in that village and getting quickly out of the path of an angry buffalo, stepped up into the doorway leading to the women's quarters of a Muslim's home. The women permitted her to remain, and while she was there this old friend of Miss Gordon's happened in. Great was her joy, after all these years to hear again "the old, old story" and to have fellowship once again with one of His followers.

Ten more years after this, again there was a missionary camp (ours, this time) beside this village. We had spent an unusually disheartening day wandering through the streets not being welcomed into homes anywhere, and on every turn being surrounded by hordes of curious, mocking, noisy people. That night leafing through an old notebook of Miss Howland's we came across the account of her encounter with Bani Begum a decade before. In all that noisy and hostile city, could it be that there was one who loved the Lord! How could she possibly be found? Who knew where

Bani Begum lived? Only One, only God. And so we asked Him to lead us to Bani Begum's home. The next day after earnest prayer for guidance we started out "knowing not whither" walking down one narrow winding alley after another. After perhaps forty minutes of rapid walking, an inner voice said, "Knock at *that* door." We did, and in less than a minute were in the arms of a woman so overcome with emotion she could not speak for some time, nor could we. What followed was an hour in the Heavenlies, in fellowship with the one in that great wicked city who loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

Who is He that again and again and

again leads us to the home of one in desperate need, to the very one of a whole village hungry in heart? What brilliant Star guides our steps to the very street, the very door open to the Gospel message? To the verses in *John* that will quiet a heart possessed of a devil? To take suddenly an unpremeditated train journey to rescue one in need? Oh, a Star shines over the great lonely stretches of "the regions beyond," the Star of Righteousness, a Star out of Jacob, even the bright and morning Star to lead us unerringly to the very door of His own, because He means Pakistan too when He says, "And other sheep I have: them also I must bring."

His Star Led Me to the South Sudan

By JOAN E. YILEK, Washington, D.C., on furlough from South Sudan*

★ "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him." Matthew 2:1-2.

In reading these familiar words, has the question ever come to you—as it has often to me—how did the wise men know that a King was being born? Who told them that what they saw was His star?

From the Word itself comes no definite answer, but the one that satisfies me the best is that some fragment of the prophecy concerning the Lord's coming must have found its way into the hands of these wise men. Perhaps they came from the land where the ten tribes spent their years of exile. Perhaps even some of the writings of Daniel were known to them. Whatever the source, it would seem that it was the study of God's Word that told them that God's Son was to be born.

And it was the study of God's Word that caused me to follow His star to the Sudan. From the study of the Bible, I knew that there was only one way of salvation. God sent His only Son into the world to die that men might live . . . but "How can they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

Again it was God's Word that spoke to me, indicating that the Lord wanted me to be one of those preachers; taking the mes-

sage of salvation to those who had never heard His name. "But," you may ask, "How did you know that it was the Anuak you were to preach to? There are many in the world who have never heard the Gospel."

Yes, and there have been many bright and beautiful stars to appear. The star of the King was different, but the wise men might have missed it. Surely, there was a "still small voice" indicating to them that this was the star for which they had been watching.

I remember once when studying the life of Moses, our teacher told us that the Lord



This Anuak boy is dressed in discarded Christmas wrapping paper

*When Joan returns she will be in Ethiopia Mission, because three-fourths of the people of the tribe with which she works lives in Ethiopia. The station will be associated with the S. Sudan Mission, however.

knew us by name as He knew Moses. Just as the Lord called Moses by name, thus He would call us. I believed it, but I didn't understand it . . . and then the Lord spoke to me, just as definitely as He spoke to Moses. He spoke not with an audible voice, but with an inner urging that could not be stilled. "This is the way, walk ye in it. Ye

have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

I followed the star to the Anuaks and have seen a "present brought unto the Lord of hosts. A present from a people tall and smooth . . . a people terrible from their beginning hitherto . . . "A present not of gold, frankincense or myrrh, but of life yielded to His service.

His Star Led Me to the North Sudan

By BEVERLY J. DAY, Grandston, R.I., on furlough from North Sudan,
Appointee for Career Service

★ Stars are ever present in the heavens whether they are visible to our eyes or not. Some never notice their presence unless a spectacular comet reminds them by its streak of light that a myriad of less spectacular stars is always above them. Others notice and glory in the magnitude of this marvelous gift of God. So it is with the vast thing which we call religion or religious experience.

To some awareness of God and a sense of having been given a definite task to do in this earthly kingdom comes suddenly, as a comet. To others this awareness and sense of obligation to serve God actively is always there, growing into a complete realization of what this service must be as the individual matures. Just as one's appreciation of the heavens grows, so does one's appreciation of the fulness of God's love and grace grow.

The Star that led me to the North Sudan was one that had been there from the time I had become old enough to realize what Christianity meant. When I was sixteen, I made a public commitment at the close of our Northfield Young Peoples' Conference that I would actively serve Christ in one of His mission fields. Later at Muskingum college, I took those courses which I felt would best prepare me for the work

I had chosen. When I finally applied for short-term appointment, three fields of service were open. For one I felt that my training was not adequate; in another, I could not put my music to best use; and the third choice was just the perfect combination. So the brightest star was the one which led to the Atbara Girls' School in the North Sudan.

There I began a music program. Along with it I taught English grammar and literature and Bible, as well as classes in history, geography, and science. There we are sowing the seed, but not yet reaping; for growth in a Moslem field of work is painfully slow.

Though we are not able to credit many Christian converts to our labors there, we do not feel that the work is in vain. They learn the way of Christ—their attitudes change. Those who have been in the country over a long period of time can tell of changes in native custom. It is due to education, people say; and correctly so for it has been "education," but with "American Mission" preceding it.

Personal rewards are also great. Working for Christ brings a satisfaction which it would be difficult to match in other positions. One has opportunities to see parts of the world one would otherwise never

Atbara School
bus ready
to deliver
one of three
loads of pupils



see; to learn of peoples whose way of life differs from our own; to meet others of one's own background in whose life Christ and the spreading of His kingdom is pre-eminent. And in meeting all these people, one makes new friends who—whether American, British, or native—become as dear as the friends one has left behind. What many consider great sacrifice is in reality

greater gain.

The star is still shining. In another year it will lead me back to the North Sudan as a career missionary. Its force and attraction can not be refused. Its light brings too great a joy to be denied. There are many other stars leading to the North Sudan. Look carefully; perhaps one of them will be your star.

His Star Led Me to Egypt

By SARAH B. MELOY, Muncie, Indiana, on furlough from American College for Girls, Cairo, Egypt

★ As our thoughts turn in the Outward Look to Christmas, we naturally think, first of all, of the One who made Christmas possible. And in those days so long ago when Wise Men followed that star which led them to the Holy Child, we think also of that land to which He was taken as a Babe by his parents, to escape the persecution of a tyrannical monarch.

To that land which sheltered the Christ Child, there came to me the opportunity, thirty years ago, to go and bear witness to that Love which came to earth at Christmas time. In many ways the decision to go was a difficult one to make. It was hard to think of leaving family and friends; it was hard to think of giving up a splendid teaching position with an attractive salary; it was hard to think of facing the task of learning a strange and difficult language. But the call seemed clear—no bright vision—but a realization that there was great need in that land and that perhaps I could, in some small way, help to meet that need. Then came the willingness to

go to serve my Master in that land where He had been sheltered in His early life.

The years have come and gone in rapid succession but no matter how difficult or discouraging the way has proved, there has been the definite consciousness He was leading just as His star led the Wise Men of the long ago. As I have come to know and love the people of Egypt, I am thankful that it has been my privilege to work among them. As my work has been mainly among girls of our schools it has been a pleasure to know them as they have grown and developed into young womanhood, taking places of leadership and influence in many useful spheres of life and service.

Today, even though many restrictions are placed upon our work by the non-Christian government, there are still many doors open to us. There is much that can be done to teach, train and encourage our Christian girls and challenge them to help their own people. Opportunities still come to witness for Christ in our contacts with non-Christian students and one realizes that the Christian message goes into hearts in many ways. Especially at this season of the year when the singing of the Christmas carols is the great attraction of the chapel services, our prayers should unite that those who sing the Christmas message may be led to that Holy Light.

As I look back on the years that have passed, and forward to the remaining years which may still be mine to serve in Egypt, I covet the same privilege for others, young in years, that they may rise to fill the thinning ranks and meet the challenging opportunities that come to us today in the kingdom work in the land of Egypt. I am thankful, that as it has been my privilege to answer His Commission, there has also been the realization of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."



STUDENTS—CAIRO COLLEGE FOR GIRLS
The chapel choir of the American College for Girls, Cairo, Egypt. It is with students such as these splendid girls that Miss Meloy has devoted her life and talents and mission service

"AND ARE COME TO WORSHIP"

Adults Come to Worship

By MRS. DUNCAN C. HENRY, Boone, Iowa, formerly missionary to Ethiopia



Lost in the ages of history are the first stirrings of mankind toward a God. But we can know by studying the more primitive peoples of our time some things of what the peoples of the earth were like. One of the more important conclusions is that the man who was made by the Great Heavenly Creator and Father was made with a spark which must ever look up to something higher than he is, and that spark we call the urge to "worship." It is found among all the primitives of the world; and even modern man, who thinks himself above the primitive urges, has that urge and tries, perhaps each in his own way, to satisfy it.

One of my first experiences on arriving in Ethiopia years ago was watching the outgrowth of that "worship" urge. The day had been long and hot as the mules and men trudged over the first part of the mule-road leading from Gambeila Port on the Sudan border into the highlands of Ethiopia. As we neared Ethiopia we could see the majestic purple-topped mountains against the sky above and to the left of us. Then finally we were in the shadow of the mountains. Winding downward we came to the river which was to be crossed before we began the long ride to the top of Mount Lilmo (the Needle). I had noticed two small chickens which had been swinging head-down from the shoulders of two of the load carriers, and I had supposed that they were to be eaten along the way. Much to my surprise as we started to cross the river, the throats of the two chickens were cut, and the chickens immediately thrown into the river. My lack of knowledge of the language prevented me asking the questions which immediately came to mind, "Why had they thrown away good meat when they were so very poor?" Later in travels between Gorei and Sayo, I saw the same thing happen. Why did they do it? They were afraid of the river and in some way must appease the god of the river.

They knew the dangers of its swift current, the hidden rocks, and whirlpools, and wanted the help, of whatever help there was, by sacrifice. This was a form of "worship."

We passed the river without mishap. By that time we missionary wives, who had never ridden anything more exciting than a farmer's hay wagon, or an automobile, were beginning to be tired of the mule and the road which seemed never-ending. We had all the weight we cared to carry with our own weight (less than it is today) and the weight of our clothing. There were many places where it was wiser to walk on our own feet than to take the chance of a loaded mule going over the cliff backward, as had once happened. Imagine our astonishment when each carrier picked up a stone and put it into his clothing as he started up the mountain; and when we had finally gained the incredible top of the path and were panting and exhausted with our exertions, each man took the stone he had carried with his load and going off to one side of the path, threw the stone upon a great heap of small stones there. He had fulfilled what he thought would appease



the god of Mount Lilmo. This was the only way he knew of "worship."

Later we were to hear from our mission home the "Hu-Hu-Hu-HU, HUHUUH" of the moon worship at the home of the Sayo witch doctor—a slow-moving dance in the beginning, gradually becoming more violent and faster as the dance proceeded until the dancers finally dropped in exhaustion. This was "worship" to them. In all fairness to the primitive men we must give them credit for their worship of the greatest things they knew, the greatest rivers, the greatest trees, the greatest mountains and the great moon. Modern man does not always pick out the greatest of modern things to worship. What is there about money, pleasure, power, gadgets and house furnishings, clothing, etc., which can possibly be as great as the wonderful moun-

tains, trees, rivers and the moon God has given us for light in the night. We moderns think that we are so wise? Are we?

Then, the day was to come when many of these people who had known only the rivers, trees, mountains, and moon to worship, learned that there was a great and loving Heavenly Father, God, who had made all these material things and to whom they could look for more help than from these. Moreover the Son of God, Jesus the Christ, had left his wonderful home in the heavens and come down to earth to save them, each of them, no matter how poor and miserable they were, from the sins even they knew that they should not do. The quest for God was indeed a divine spark in each one. Those who came to listen to the strange words of the foreign teacher, remained to hear more of these words and finally through the aid of the Spirit of God to accept the God of *all* and the Saviour of the *world* as his own.

"And are come to worship" now includes thousands of Ethiopians who are learning the lessons about "Love which passeth all understanding," "The Light of the World" and "The Life Everlasting." There are many others who have a fleeting wish for worship with the children of God but the desire is so fleeting that when they have come once they get immersed in the job of earning a living, or buying the needed grain supplies, or watching the coffee grow, or they have guests or they must call on a friend. Have we in America progressed very far from the same excuses? It is so easy to excuse ourselves for not gathering with the people of God and worshipping with them; and yet—would we want to live in a country with no knowledge of God and none of the benefits that the Christian religion has given to us? Never!

But the need to worship is in us all. If we do not worship the God of Heaven and Earth, we shall find that we have made a god of our own. Something assumes an importance in our lives that if we lose it, we are lost indeed. For many it is a desire for power. We have had such examples of lost power so recently and of what happens to those who have with ruthless cruelty worshipped power. Money may be nice to have, but when money becomes the aim of life, we find the need to worship the Lord of Heaven is lost, and when the money goes as sometimes it does, there is nothing left.

In a time when the world was in a most terrible plight, three men found that by studying the heavens they found a delight

and a method of worship for the God above. They were "Wise Men" who were seeking more from life than those around them knew. God has promised that "those who seek shall find" whether it be the Wise Men or Blind Gidada or ourselves; and when we seek "with our whole heart" we shall find Him. So the Wise Men started on a long journey. Can you imagine the length of that journey? Weeks and months. Even in the last years in Ethiopia a journey of twenty-six days on mules becomes a two-hour journey on airplane. We can scarcely imagine looking over the world for a dream. But they did and they found what they desired by looking for it with their whole heart, they found the Saviour of the World and came to worship him! Blind Gidada sought for months to find an answer to the hunger in his heart. He wanted an object to worship and finally stumbled into our "beggars' service" in Sayo. He came to worship and remained to help others learn.

Some cannot leave their homes to worship at the church. God cares for those who are ill, who have the cares of tiny children, who really cannot join in congregational worship and He gives to those who truly seek Him, a way to worship Him. But for the majority of us who can "come to worship" we lose the joy and help of worship when we allow excuses (not reasons) to keep us away from God's house. Did Jesus have so many cares that he could not sit down to teach his disciples and through them, to teach us? Did he stop healing and doing good because he was tired? He did go off by himself to pray and if we go off to pray, not to picnic or to visit or to spend the day in such ways, I am sure that God will bless us. Was Jesus so busy with earning his own living and giving his mother and brothers what they needed in life, that he could not die for us? Can we really say that we have No Time to worship? Is it not that we do not want to do so?

"And They Came to Worship." As the Wise Men sought for long distances and through months of travel; as Blind Gidada and hundreds of others in the world have wandered for months to find what could satisfy an inner longing; as we ourselves have come to the knowledge of our need for worshipping our Heavenly Father, so we need to teach the children of the World how much worship means to us and those who are ignorant of the Great Heavenly Creator and Father how to approach Him so that they also may learn to "Come to Worship Him."

Youth Come to Worship

By MARY ALICE MICK, Staff Assistant, Department of U.P. Youth Work, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Jean skipped down the steps of Central High one bleak Monday afternoon early in December. The buzzer had just rung, and she remembered that she was in charge of the worship service at the Girls' Mission Circle that evening. A couple of friends greeted her, but she continued on. Jean was thinking about the service as she pulled her coat collar higher around her neck to keep out the chill wind. She was wondering why there was worship preceding the meeting anyway.

Luckily her church was only a block from her regular route, and she decided to stop at the youth fellowship room and look at some of the reference books on the shelves. Then she began to wonder, "What is worship?" By then big white flakes of snow were falling all about her, and she sped on to the church door without much more thought.

She found a suitable poem, and then looked in the index of the "Songs for Christian Worship" for appropriate verses to go with it. There was a book of prayers, and with some additions and rearranging she found one that would complete the thought. Beth, the hostess, had invited the group to come early for a buffet lunch, so she must hurry on!

Jean read her poem, announced the songs, and led in prayer. The other members of the group looked at her approvingly as she took her seat. And why shouldn't they? All parts of the service fit around one theme, and Jean read them well. She had gotten an "A" in Speech Arts the first term. But as she sank into her chair, her heart seemed to sink with her. Again she began to wonder about the meaning of worship.

The first part of the meeting was about Pakistan. After a discussion the leader said they would take up the usual offering for the American school at Sialkot. Jean had forgotten about that. Now she recalled the Pakistani lady, dressed in a robe that she called a sari, who talked to the combined mission groups last summer. She told how the students in the school needed paper, books, and all kinds of supplies to do their work more effectively. Beth had suggested that the group take this monthly offering. It was Beth also who often stopped to see the lame girl on her way home from school and talked to her or helped her with her

lessons. Beth had invited the group early for that good buffet lunch which she had prepared herself. Part of a verse of scripture came to Jean: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . ."



Jean's gaze then wandered toward Beth who was sitting thoughtfully listening to the discussion from the other side of the room. Perhaps Beth knew about worship. Instinctively Jean got her billfold and dropped more than usual into the offering. After all, she wasted much more than those few coins in a semester's time.

The second part of the discussion was on the mountain missions. She had heard something about them from Helen, the caravaner who spent two weeks at one of the mission stations last summer. Why had Helen gone there anyway? I know she said she didn't get paid for it. She had said something about investing her summer in something worth while. Helen was away at college now, but she had given us several hints on our youth meetings before she went. She told us how to arrange worship centers and to make our room attractive. Helen seemed so much older than Jean that she sort of took her suggestions for granted. Helen had suggested that they pack boxes

(Continued on Page 174)

Children Come to Worship

By MARTHA JANE HALL, D.R.E., Southminster U.P. Church, Tulsa, Oklahoma

"Let the children come to me, do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14b)



Our churches today contain many children who come to learn about and worship the baby Jesus who was born in a manger; a baby who grew up into a man who taught and healed people. But this baby grew up to be more than a man; He is the Saviour of the world.

Have you ever stood in the doorway of your church school and watched the little ones assemble in God's house? If not, you have missed a wonderful experience. Brother and sister enter the door hand-in-hand, faces scrubbed, suit pressed, pigtailed beribboned, and patent leather Mary Janes sparkling. But the shining faces are what really tug at your heart.

These children have learned to love the bright blue room, red chairs and colorful drapes of the nursery. Best of all, they have learned to love Jesus, about whom they hear at church school. Their room has bright pictures of Jesus and the children, Bobby saying his prayers, the friendly dark, and their church—all low enough to see and touch. But listen, the piano sings the church bell song. It's time to sit down on the story rug for the quiet time. The songs lisped by three-year-olds surely must please the Master. The Bible is lovingly held by Mrs. Jones as she tells the story of Jesus helping the sick man. A lively discussion follows concerning Jesus helping this man and Him helping us today through mothers, daddies, doctors, ministers, and farmers. Then heads are bowed and tots echo the simple phrases prayed by a reverent teacher. Thus, the songs, prayers, Bible verses and stories are all a part of worship in our nursery class.

Now let's move down the hall to the kindergarten department. Again a bright room, cheery teachers and a well-tuned piano greet us. And look at all the children! But what are those two junior-age children doing here? Let's listen. Bob says, "This summer in vacation church school our class made something for your room." Oh's and ah's, eyes fairly bulging, and then a hush accompanies the unrolling of a lovely worship hanging. Junior Bob continues, "This picture shows us some of the beautiful things God has given us. See the birds, trees,

flowers and sky? Here is a church; see the tower where the chimes call us to worship?" Then Jane, the other junior, prays very simply a prayer of thanks. The response "Father, We Thank Thee" is sung by the little worshippers. And some people say children are too young to really worship.

Another Sunday morning you may want to share in the primary worship. They are listening to a new Christmas song, "While the Christmas Stars are Shining." The mother of one of the children was invited to sing it in today's worship. Next Sunday the children will start to learn it so they can enjoy using it during December. Had I told you how this department enjoyed a sharing project for last Christmas? They had a mitten tree. The youngsters brought pairs of new mittens and hung them on an evergreen tree. Into each pair they tucked a stamped self-addressed envelope. Many of them received a note of thanks. How thrilled they were to hear from our children's home in Mars, Pa.; from Ezel and Frenchburg, Ky.; and from our Slovan mission in Burgettstown, Pa. You can be sure that these notes were read in the worship service and then tacked to the bulletin board! This experience of sharing was a result of worship.

The oldest department in the children's division is our junior department. Here boys and girls of grades four-six are doing much of the worship service themselves. The worship center means more to them if they choose the picture, bring the flowers, or construct the scene. And they love to be the member of the committee who explains to the group why this certain center was fixed. In vacation church school the worship committee was working on the theme of God's creation. To the adult eye it appeared they had tried to include all the examples of creation! But to be sure the flowers, leaves, and replicas of trees and animals were all symbols of God's gifts to man. Juniors enjoy reviewing a Bible story with puppets they have made. A dramatization with simple costumes makes a Bible story take on new meaning. Junior choirs love to lead their group in singing. And an occasional special number by the robed choir makes them very proud! Perhaps your junior choir practices each week at Youth Club. "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" means much more to an adult after he has heard a group of fifty junior voices sing.

Many churches are now using choral reading with their juniors. Scripture and poetry can be worked out with solos and parts to create beauty and feeling. Psalm 24 was used in vacation church school with our juniors. By using two speaking choirs and a person to represent the priest, this anthem to celebrate the bringing of the Ark to Jerusalem was a part of one worship service.

By junior age the Scripture, prayers, and presiding can be done by the youngsters. Sometimes an unusually advanced piano student of junior age serves as departmental pianist. Committees can be organized to tidy the room, distribute the hymnals, prepare the worship center, and plan and present the worship service. Often a class will meet after school or on Saturday to help spatter paint, textile paint, crayon or sew an altar cloth or worship hanging. True, the actual labor is not what we ordinarily classify as organized worship, but it is related to it. If the actions of children are so influenced by worship, how much better planning and preparation are required of us!

It is not enough to speak of those children we do have in our church schools. What of the children who have never experienced bringing a gift for a child in need, or sharing pictures of Jesus with friends across the seas, or singing "Jesus Loves Me," or

hearing Bible stories? Forbid them not—what of the 27,000,000 children today in the United States who are hindered in coming to Him?

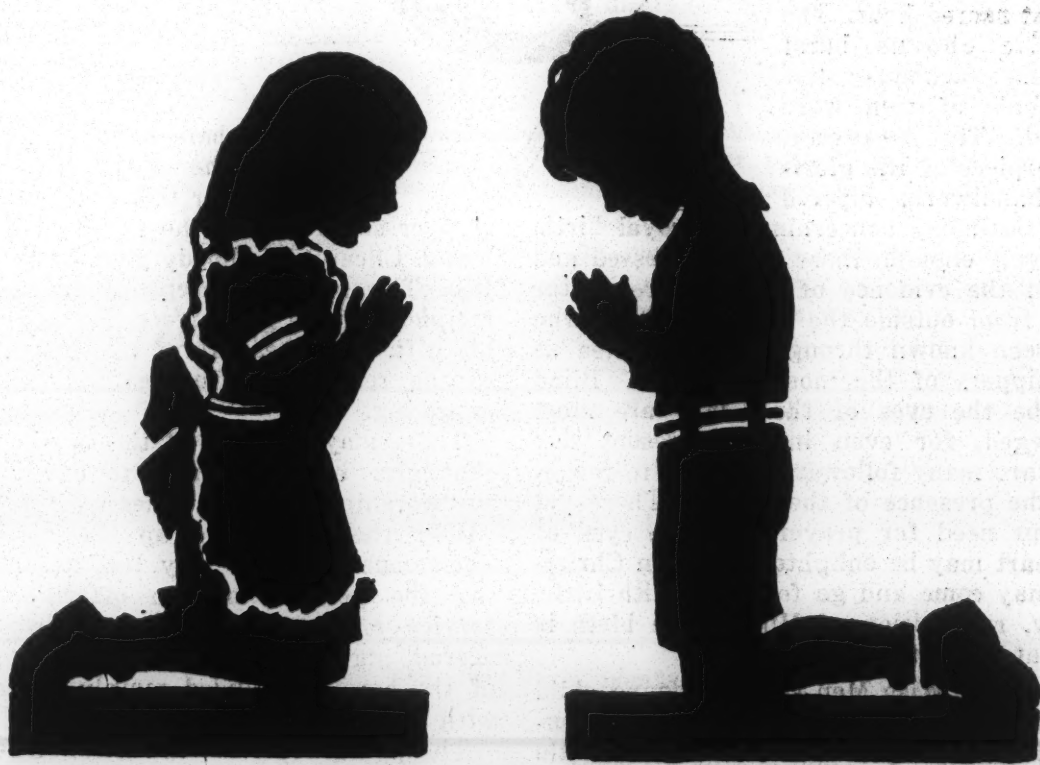
A minister recently used an illustration which makes one stop to ponder seriously about the children in our neighborhood. A little five-year-old called out to a passing neighbor, "What's your name?" After quite a conversation about names, pets, a brother and a new baby sister, the little fellow remarked, "If we still lived in Chicago I'd be in a real kindergarten."

Whereupon the neighbor asked, "Do you go to Sunday School?"

"Oh, we don't know the way to Sunday School."

How tragic that many of our little neighbors do not know the way to a nearby church. Many parents do not provide a Christian atmosphere in the home nor do they take their children to church school. What are the neighbors who are church members doing about it?

It is the task of the home and the church to provide an atmosphere conducive to worship: consecrated and trained teachers, cheerful rooms, and well-planned sessions. But this is not enough. How can all children learn to worship Jesus unless we bring them into His presence?



Children who have learned to worship

"We Bring Gifts"

By W. J. HARPER McKNIGHT, D.D., Associate Secretary, Board of Administration,
United Presbyterian Church of North America



*"And when they were come into the house,
they saw the young child with Mary his mother,
and fell down, and worshipped him:
and when they had opened their treasures,
they presented unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."*



The beautiful story of the first Christmas derives much of its timeless and universal appeal from its simplicity and perfection of harmony in its several scenes. The entrance of the Son of God into the world is told in the unadorned speech with which truth may be told. The first portrayal of the incarnation of love with which the Father would woo wandering humanity is most appropriately in the figure of an innocent Babe in his mother's arms. Stony hearts indeed are those that fail to respond to the little ones.

Though men might fail to perceive the unique identity of this little Child yet heaven was athrob with the import of that sacred hour. The angelic chorus burst forth into such music that the souls of men were stirred. The heavens, masterpiece of His glorious handiwork, offered their testimony concerning the royal birth. Strangely enough, those who witnessed and heeded the evidence of the wondrous star came from outside the circle of those who had been known through the centuries as worshippers of the most high God. Blind may be the eyes of those who are most privileged, for even in this present day there are many followers who fail to recognize the presence of the Divine. There yet remains need for prayer that the eyes of the heart may be enlightened. Even Christmas may come and go for some with little, if any, recognition of Him whose birth is celebrated on that day.

When the Wise Men saw the young child they fell down and worshipped Him. Convinced of the royal character of this little child they voluntarily expressed their sense of unworthiness in the presence of His matchless worthiness by prostrating them-

selves and offering him their worship. Worship is meaningful only when there is this consciousness of the supremacy of the one worshipped. Acts of worship have little content unless they are prompted by personal spiritual response.

When men worship in spirit and in truth there is an irresistible desire to give the

finest possible expression to that adoration. Hence "we bring gifts." It was so with the Wise Men of the Gospel story. It is so with wise men of every generation. Men give in order to express love and admiration. They give to those whom they would honor. The gifts are material representations of the inner emotions which can be but poorly and inadequately expressed in speech.

These gifts are more than material objects. They speak for the giver.

For this reason the worshipper seeks to give the finest at his command. Cheap and shoddy gifts will not suffice. The giver's concept of the intended recipient of the gift affects his selection of his gift. The measure of his own devotion to the recipient influences his generosity in giving.

These may be some of the considerations that give encouragement to our churches to "worship God with tithes and offerings" rather than to "take up the collection." Such considerations may lead to magnifying the position of the offering in the service of worship so that it becomes a sacred, significant act rather than a part of the service included mainly to conform with tradition.

The recognition of the sacredness of giving and of the holiness of Him to whom Christians present their gifts has led many to object to the spiritually barren commer-



cialism with which some churches have raised money for expenses. Inveigling others to purchase dinner tickets or articles of merchandise in order "to help the church" endangers the standing of the church in the community and diminishes the glory of her witness. There is no need to place the church in the position of a beggar. There is no occasion to bring reflection on the name of the King and Head of the church by implying that He has not supplied His redeemed with adequate means to accomplish the work which He wants them to do.

These substitutes for voluntary personal gifts deprive the participants of the joy of assuming their Christian responsibility and of the worship experience which comes to them through giving. The church which depends on money-making projects for its support risks spiritual death. Its members have little incentive to grow in the grace of liberality in grateful giving. Such churches fail distressingly to approach the commendable standard set by the churches of Macedonia.

"We want you to know, brethren, the grace of God which has been shown in the churches of Macedonia, for in a severe test of affliction, their abundance of joy and their extreme poverty have overflowed in a wealth of liberality on their part. For they gave according to their means, as I can testify, and beyond their means, of their own free will, begging us earnestly for the favor of taking part . . . and this, not as we expected, but first they gave themselves to the Lord. . . ." (2 Corinthians 8:1ff.)

Why then do men substitute these money-raising projects for worthier giving? Is it not because of failure to recognize responsibility as Christian stewards of those material possessions which God has entrusted to us? Is there a lack of that deeper devotion which prompts sacrificial giving?

In the book, *My Gold and God*, there is the story of a zealous church member who wrote to Horace Greeley stating that her

church was in serious financial straits. To try to meet expenses they had held fairs, strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, box socials, mock weddings, grab-bags, lawn fetes, turkey banquets, etc. "Would Mr. Greeley be so kind," the letter went on, "as to suggest some new device to keep the struggling church from disbanding."

Mr. Greeley's reply was brief and pertinent, "Try religion."

Commercialism and stewardship are not congenial. Where one flourishes the other fades. Each individual is forced to choose between the two. Possibly the joyous season of Christmas giving provides a suitable occasion when there may be a fresh dedication to personal giving to a personal Saviour. Gifts should be suitable for the recipient. That is a principle which is followed daily. Great care is used in the selection of gifts for a bride, or of those for a baby. How much more desirable it is that the gifts to be presented to Him who was born as a babe in Bethlehem should be of such a character as to be pleasing to Him. He is honored by those gifts which represent the life and the love of those who give. Recall how "he sat down opposite the treasury, and watched the multitude putting money into the treasury. Many rich people put in large sums. And a poor widow came, and put in two copper coins, which make a penny. And he called his disciples to him, and said to them, 'Truly I say to you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For they all contributed out of their abundance; but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, her whole living.'" (Mark 12:41ff.)

As once again the wonder and amazement of this matchless story of God's gift of His Son stir our hearts may we not resolve to offer Him the purest worship as we open our treasures and present unto Him our gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh?

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

*We open here our treasures and our gifts;
And some of it is gold,
And some is frankincense,
And some is myrrh;
For some has come from plenty,
Some from joy,
And some from deepest sorrow of the soul.
But Thou, O God, dost know the gift is love,
Our pledge of peace, our promise of good will.
Accept the gift and all the life we bring.*

—Herbert H. Hines

Four Vivid Unforgettable Characters

By REVEREND PAUL McCLANAHAN, Assiut College, Assiut, Egypt

I. THE MUALLIMA

IN those first seconds I didn't see her. Then, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the small mud-walled room, over in one corner I saw her. She was sitting behind a narrow table. First I noticed her eyes, bright and lively, and then the long, thin arms with the tapering fingers which rested on the table. It was only after this that I realized that she was a cripple. Yet from that first moment there was a lightness about her, a lilt, something said best perhaps by the surprisingly gay color of her dress. And when, at the close of our short visit, the minister prayed, over and over again she kept repeating, "We thank Thee, O God; we thank Thee, O God." I confess that the little lady quite captured me, and she must have sensed my feeling for her, because as I bent to say good-bye, she clung to my hands, and called down an old lady's blessing on the young missionary.

That afternoon I went back alone to call upon the "Muallima," the "woman teacher," as her fellow villagers called her. Now I knew more about her and everything learned made this second visit almost a pilgrimage. An accident when she was a small girl had taken away forever that freedom of the other little village girls to follow their sheep along an ambling, quiet way, or match the flying speed of a donkey colt or hop the squares of a childish game. But

nothing could daunt this girl. As she grew older, she learned a trade so as not to be a burden upon her people, and her sewing skill brought her an independence which kept her pride firm.

"How many times do you think I've read this book, young missionary?" she asked me and while yet putting the question opened her large Bible turning its pages affectionately.

"I have no idea. You tell me."

"I've read it from Genesis to Revelation, from the very beginning to the very end, 17 times!"

"This is very wonderful," I said.

"But now," she continued, "my time is coming. There is little place for me here now. My relatives are no longer alive and my fingers do not work as they once did."

"No, O Muallima, this isn't true. You're still full of usefulness here in the village." (I recalled what Rev. Ishac had told me that each Sabbath morning when her health would stand it a donkey carried her to the church where she taught a women's class.) But she was not to be easily deflected from her pessimistic theme.

"Out there beyond this earth," she said, "I'll find the freedom I haven't known here. Out there I'll be able to play again and run as did the other children."

I never saw the Muallima again. The next time I met Rev. Ishac and asked about her, she was dead.

II. DOC OWEN

Doc Owen was the most versatile missionary I've ever known. But of many accomplishments which dazzled my young eyes two stood out. First of all was his tennis game. Back in those early days the great sports event of the year in Assiut was the annual British-American tennis tournament. And of all the crafty, debo-

nair Britishers who came to match us at racquets, the best of them all was a certain Capt. Barker. His sloping shoulders and thin legs always suggested that immanent collapse which his crisp, angled volleys and drives always belied. It was a sight to see this man pitted against Doc Owen's rough, angular power

which slashed the cover off balls and with sheer thunder and unorthodox wile bedeviled the opponent. And the second great accomplishment was Doc Owen's power of story telling. Sermons by the hundred have met a quick and painless death in my boyish memory, but still across thirty years the African spell of his story, "The Golden Statuette," has lived with me.

Doc Owen was the head of the English department at Assiut College, and there, master of Arabic and English, he lived out with intensity and imagination his missionary assignment. He was a poet of real parts and his oasis expeditions were always retrospectively described in verse. He loved classical music and still the college library is stuffed with volumes of quintettes and quartettes which he left behind. And sometimes he would preach at our evening service and this was one night when the wandering mind came to rest exactly where the body sat. And once I remember Doc Owen as a disciplinarian. My

brother Neal and I had been orphaned that night because dad was the preacher and mother the pianist. During the solo my brother Neal leaned over to me and said in a low whisper, "Doesn't she sing exactly like 'adz' (lentil) soup." And it was Doc Owen who propelled us firmly from the chapel.

When Doc Owen came back to the states, they made him head of the English Department at Monmouth College. And there with brilliance and humor he carried on. Then one Saturday night after carefully preparing his sermon for the small country congregation which he loved to serve on week-ends, he lay down to sleep and in the morning his family found him dead. But to hundreds of us, mission kids, colleagues, students, parishioners, Doc Owen lives on—in tennis flashingly played, in great music or poetry, or in sermons which grip the unknown by the power of the known vividly described.

III. SHEIKH AYYAD AL DALEEL

I first met Sheikh Ayyad, the Egyptian type of the famed American Christian business man, R. G. LeTourneau, in the little desert village of Deir Abu Hinnis. And crossing the Nile River that Sabbath afternoon, all of us riding toward home, I heard the story of his conversion. I recall that the mid-afternoon breeze was shy that day so that he had time for careful reporting.

Once, not many years before this day, Sheikh Ayyad had been just an average elder of an average church, not unfaithful to his duties, certainly, but no more than lukewarm in their dispatch. And then had come the night of the Vision. God had unmistakably appeared to him and in a manner majestic and terrifying He had asked him to account for the spiritual apathy of his sons and had spoken directly to him about his own spiritual state. And in the morning Sheikh Ayyad had risen from his bed a new creature in God. He moved

now under a different compulsion, something far more dynamic and searching than the force which had directed his movements before. And following this new inner voice he had been led to dedicate half of his working week to his business interests and half to the evangelization of the Church. When we were with him that day he had already gone into many of our churches. Size, prestige, convenience of location . . . these factors counted little in his willingness to go to preach and sing and speak in his warm-hearted, gusty way from house to house. And in the year preceding our day together he had brought more than 500 persons into a direct relationship with the Church. Some had given their hearts for the first time to the Saviour and others, under his spurring, had decided after long periods of apathy or debate, to join the church of the Living Christ.

The last time I saw Sheikh Ayyad before coming to the States for our

furlough was on a day I arrived late in a church where he was just completing a several-day period of special services. When the minister saw me slip as unobtrusively as possible into a back pew he searched me out and made me assist in the distribution of the elements. And I had the privilege of working beside Sheikh Ayyad that day. After dinner he joined me in our car and together we rode back to Assiut. I asked him to sing and

for over an hour he rolled out his own original tunes and other favorites.

Sheikh Ayyad is a man of material wealth, and yet in a striking way he gives priority in his life to the spiritual. When I find myself growing over-cynical about the material dynamic which apparently underlies so much of society, I like to think of Sheikh Ayyad al Daleel. He lifts up my heart.

IV. MAN OF COMPASSION

I spent a full day with this man in an Egyptian village some years ago and I recall that wherever we moved among the people his humility and democracy won him respect. In a discussion that day over a candidate whose papers before Presbytery had been poorly received though he was the oldest and by far the wisest member of the committee of review, and although he dissented with a view rather vehemently held by a younger colleague, he graciously gave the majority its way but not without reminding the members of the way they too might feel if someone rose up in the middle of one of their sermons and demanded a five-minute resume of the final 25 minutes.

Once riding on a train with this man I fell to talking with the passenger beside me, a small town telegrapher, and he said to me about my friend who was sitting across from us . . . "It's clearly written on his face that he's a great man."

I have many memories of this man, but these two perhaps speak most truly of the deepest source of his influence:

Sheikh Bakheet of Waladiyya told me that he met this man many weeks after he had heard of the illness of

the Sheikh's four-year-old son and that pushing his way through many people he came directly to his Egyptian friend and asked about the boy. When Sheikh Bakheet told him that his son had died, the man said over and over again in a deeply compassionate voice, "A hundred pities! A hundred pities!"

Together we went once to a village visited only the day before by a grievous tragedy. A chicken had fallen into a deep well, and a young boy had been sent down to retrieve it. But poisonous gas had overcome the boy and he had fallen from the rope into the well and drowned. And then one after another two other persons had succumbed to the gas as they had attempted to rescue the boy's body. After sitting for an appropriate length of time with the men we went together into the room where the women were gathered together. Then I saw my father take his chair over until he was sitting directly before the mother of two of the dead boys, and in talk so simple and true it went right to the heart, he shared with her his sorrow over the death of my brother Neal. He also spoke of that time beyond temporal time when tears will no longer need to fall.



A Christmas Story

We Must Recapture the Rugged Christ

(Reprinted from "Co-op Review," courtesy of Mrs. R. B. McNary.)

SANDRA was thirty. She was through with formal education and for several years had been working in various fields; now she had settled definitely on one calling. It was a career which very few of her friends could understand or follow. She was going to India as—of all things—a missionary teacher.

"But Sandra," her friends wailed, "you'll be so far away—you'll be alone—you'll be lonely—you've always been the life of our crowd—you love all the things you can't have there, clothes, parties, concerts, everything! Why, in a few years we won't even know what to write about to you! It's simply unthinkable! You are leading a very useful life here; just don't go to extremes, it's so disturbing. If you must do this crazy thing, at least don't talk about it until after Christmas. We want to look forward as usual to your Christmas Eve birthday party! Why, that has always been a part of our Christmas, you know—Sandra's birthday party!"

FAMILY LOVE HURT

Her parents, too, had been horrified. "Sandy, we just can't understand you! You've always seemed so happy here with us and all your friends. You've been our baby, and now to even think of going away into such a different environment! We just can't adjust ourselves to the idea of losing our baby. Now, do put it out of your mind, and let's plan for a lovely birthday party for you this Christmas. We've always had one for you. Please, dear, let's not talk about it until the holidays are over—then maybe you will see things differently."

And now it was Christmas Eve! The birthday party had been a huge

success. The lovely decorations, with the usual holly, pine and bells, the glowing candles, the lavishly beautiful tree most of all, the very genuine love of her old friends and new, had worked together to make this the loveliest of all her birthday celebrations. Sandra looked fondly at her gifts—everything she could desire, designed for carefree, happy living.

THE MANGER SCENE

Slowly she walked up the stairs. This, too, was part of an old, old pattern. She knew what she would find on the table beside her bed. As long as she could remember, loving hands had fashioned a manger scene for her, and always after her parties she would find the Christ child, too, had returned! She thought of the years when this had been so real to her. She had really believed that Jesus had come—right here in her room and every Christmas morning she had whispered: "Happy Birthday, dear little Jesus!" Later on, of course, it became a dear and beautiful symbol of one of the mysteries of the universe and the constant love and affection of her family.

To-night she slipped quietly into her room and without turning on the lights went to the window where winter moonlight shone softly over the white snow and the sleeping city. "Beautiful—simply beautiful!" she breathed. There was a movement in the street below as a group of early carolers stepped from behind a high hedge. Softly, sweetly, the old familiar words came up to her: "Silent Night, Holy Night," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Dear Little Jesus."

VISION OF THE FUTURE

Again she whispered, "beautiful!" The carolers went on; a cloud drifted

over the moon; the only light was in the manger scene by the bed.

As she slowly sat down her mind was flooded with thoughts and dreams of the past and a vision of the future—a future where there would be no Christmas party like this one, no carolers, no Christmas bells, and she spoke softly:

"Jesus, they have done for me for thirty years exactly what the world has done for You. They've never let us grow up. At Christmas everyone celebrates Your birth. The air is filled with joy, and love, and the spirit of giving and sharing. Kindness is on every hand. We sing of the Christ-Child; we come to the manger to adore the Child; we bring our gifts to the Baby Jesus—and there we leave Him. It's so easy to keep the Christ Child in our hearts.

JESUS—THE MAN!

"But Jesus grew up, too. We sing of His footsteps, but somehow we don't quite realize what those footsteps mean or where they would lead us. In our minds we see the spotless, shining Christ—always the pure white robe—always the perfect feet walking on clouds or grassy slopes—and it isn't true! If we are going to bring the Kingdom of Heaven into a reality here on Earth we must take Him out of the manger. We must strive to follow the footsteps of a MAN! A man who after long days walked as he went about his work; was tired, sweaty and dirty, because his work took him into those places which were not clean.

"A man whose shoes were worn thin and whose feet were often

bruised and sore—a man who never could accumulate even the bare necessities of life.

THE RUGGED CHRIST

"His hands—His dear, dear hands—they wouldn't be soft and white. They would have to be strong and firm, scratched a bit and calloused. They would even at times be dirty, as they must have been when He gathered up the clay to heal blind eyes—or write words in the sand—words which had the power to change a life. Somehow the world must recapture this rugged Christ. Not only the Christ of the manger; but the Christ of the road. We must make Him real in every task, in every day, in every circumstance. Just as my friends and family must free me and help me attain my goal of service in a little spot in a foreign country, so must the world free Jesus and help Him attain his goal of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. The world must help Him free the captives, feed the hungry, and heal the sick and broken-hearted! We are not alone. All over the world men and women are doing this, and more will do it in years to come, and I, Sandra, want more than ever to be a part of it!"

The clouds had gone from the sky. The moon once more flooded the sleeping town with its gentle light. Once more the song of the carolers drifted back: "Joy to the World, the Saviour Reigns."

As Sandra rose and switched on her light to prepare for sleep, somewhere there was a consciousness that another soul had reached up in adoration and out into service.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

*"Thank you, Father God, for Jesus born in Bethlehem long ago;
Thank you that he came to show us how in love we all should grow!
Now, dear God, bless all the children where there's war this holy night;
Tell them, God, that we are caring, that our candles, burning bright,
Shine far out into the darkness, carrying love on Christmas night."*

Amen.

Christ—or Cocktails in Christmas

The Case Against Drinking

Bq ANSLEY CUNNINGHAM MOORE, Pastor of Sixth U.P. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IT was almost midnight as I swung my car onto the boulevard which leads to the Golden Triangle. The powerful headlights knifed the darkness and revealed the roadway which clings high up on the ledge of one of the Allegheny foothills. Far below along the banks of one of Pittsburgh's three rivers I could see the lights from a thousand homes twinkling in the darkness. There was the great green "57" on the roof of the Heinz factory, telling the world of "57 varieties." I knew that the drama of our civilization was being enacted in those homes, around those little lights that sparkled so brightly from this distance and height. I wondered which of those families would bring a sad tale to me that night. This, you see, is my midnight parish.

THE MIDNIGHT MINISTER

I was on my way to radio station WJAS, Columbia's local outlet, to begin a series of counseling programs, called "The Midnight Minister," sponsored by our council of churches. In a few minutes I sat at the microphone with a telephone at my left hand. As the engineer signaled that I was on the air, I announced a telephone number and invited anyone to call who had a personal problem. I said I would try to answer the questions, with the radio audience listening in, and made it clear that I am no religious quiz kid. When I gave out the number there was cold sweat in the palms of my hands; what if no one called? I didn't know that the telephone company had put a meter on the line to

count the number of calls, and that this night 1,045 people would try to get the Midnight Minister in the thirty-minute period.

In five seconds the phone rang; it sounded to me like a fire gong. A soft, cultured but distressed voice said: "My husband is now drunk and asleep on the sofa in the living room. He has just broken up the toys I bought for our children's Santa Claus. What must I do?" With that question the Midnight Minister program—which is not a "show" but a sincere effort to help people with their problems while they remain anonymous—was launched.

THE PROBLEM STATED

In the intervening months many others have called and all too often their problem swings around alcohol. Eighty-five per cent of the arrests brought before morals court in Pittsburgh each morning have drinking the night before as the basis of the trouble. Many of our leading church people drink. Some clergymen drink. Many church officers are not opposed to drinking. Since so many of our problems today arise from the drink habit, it may turn out in the end that this is America's number one social problem. We now have 50 million drinking Americans, 3 million chronic drinkers, 1 million alcoholics of whom 750,000 are men. The fact that the per capita consumption of alcohol is greater in Washington than anywhere else in the country may account for some of the foggy thinking that originates in that world capital.

Ethical religion in general, and the churches in particular, face a real problem. Here is something that is blighting the life of our people, undermining countless marriages,

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breaking up thousands of homes, making hundreds of thousands of children virtual orphans; yet our people by and large approve of drinking and oppose any real effort in the pulpit or out of it to control the traffic. Harking back to prohibition is not the answer. Taking an ax and setting out for the nearest bar is not the answer. An emotional tirade is not the answer. Our people know the dangers inherent in alcohol. They must *want* to do something about the problem, and further, they must feel responsible for the *total* problem.

A case can be made against drinking, all drinking, and churches must find ways of presenting this case, without fanaticism or cant, to our church people. For the record, I do not go into a tantrum when I am offered a little "snort," and I do not presume to judge everyone who takes an occasional "eye-opener." But my own mind is made up. I am opposed to all drinking of alcoholic beverages including wine and beer and I think my reasons are clear and sound.* I seek not by pulpit authority but by persuasion to secure the acceptance of these views by my parishioners. These views are set forth with the conviction that we who stand to preach must be forthright but loving and humble in the presentation of this knotty problem.

IT IS ANTISOCIAL

This matter of drinking is not a popular subject. Its unpopularity bespeaks the need for a positive stand. I have arrived at the following convictions after 22 years in the pastorate dealing with alcoholics, with people who drink with varying de-

*Beer and wine are included because there are now addicts who never touch stronger beverages. The quantity they drink, coupled with an allergy to alcohol, makes many of these people very dangerous. A would-be suicide was recently pulled by the police from the Westinghouse bridge railing in this city. He was put in touch with Alcoholics Anonymous, is now one of their best workers. He says that he never drank anything but beer. It was the quantity. One of my own cases drinks only beer, comes home at night, and when he has consumed a large enough quantity will do violence to his wife and with one grand swoop of his powerful arm send all the dishes on the dinner table crashing against the wall. I have been slowly driven to include beer and wine in my opposition because of what they do to people, and because they are frequently the steppingstone to both whiskey and drugs.

grees of regularity, with those who drink anything from straight whiskey to "a couple of beers." (Police say that all drunken drivers involved in auto accidents, when arraigned, say that they had only "a couple of beers"—never *three*, never *one*, but always "a couple of beers"!))

My first reason for opposing drinking—all drinking—is that it is antisocial. Most heavy drinkers, when pressed about their conduct, say that this is a private matter. That is not true. We in the great cities live in cramped quarters. Ours is a machine age. We are not on an island alone. My children's lives depend upon my neighbor's being collected, responsible, sober. We simply can't plead that our drinking is nobody's business. A foreman of a famous Pittsburgh steel company told me that when one of his men comes into the plant drinking during working hours, he sends him home. I wanted to know why. "Because," he said with some feeling born of experience, "he breaks up expensive machinery and tools and might hurt somebody." So! It seems not to be a private matter so far as that steel company is concerned. Neither is it a personal affair so far as home, mate, and children are concerned.

One of the glories of our democratic society is in its recognition of the rights of the individual. Just another of the marks of our shallow thinking is the argument that we are free and therefore have the right to do what we please. As most drinkers practice this democratic principle it is license, not liberty. Our freedom ends where it begins to infringe upon someone else's liberty. Since the decay of the ancient civilization of Sumer and Akkad in the 19th or 18th century B.C. men have wrestled with the problem of where the rights of the individual end and the rights of society begin. It is clear to me that even if we are careless about our personal interests, we must see that we are in part responsible for others, for society.

IT IS SELF-INDULGENCE

Moreover, I am opposed to drinking—all drinking—because it is unmitigated selfishness. That's what drinking is, self-indulgence. Self, the ego, plays unbelievable tricks on us. It pleads, it rationalizes, it argues to get what it wants. Here is some of the twisted thinking of a heavy drinker. His wife wrote me:

He says he isn't harming anyone and why should he sit around here?

He says the children are my responsibility and as long as he gives us a bed, I shouldn't say anything.

Nothing I do is right and I can't please him no matter how hard I try.

He resents our oldest daughter and makes her life miserable, yet she loves him so.

This man is just a little boy in a man's shoes. He hasn't grown up. The children are his, too. The responsibility is his, too. The unfairness and crass stupidity of this form of self-gratification was pointed up for me by a woman who told me that after a wife has changed the bed-clothes several times in a night for an alcoholic husband, all love goes out the window, and by the woman whose drinking husband sharpened a butcher knife in her presence and told her that when she went to sleep he would cut out her eyes and slit her throat. Both men are respected in business and community.

This extreme form of self-indulgence, unmitigated selfishness, is not limited to the male. Child-custody proceedings in the courts show that women are increasingly involved. Judge Mildred L. Lillie of the superior court of Los Angeles has this to say:

Intoxication in a woman is unfortunate enough when only she is concerned; disastrous when she involves her husband; but where there are children dependent upon her, such conduct is criminal. It leads not only to loss of self-respect, complete disregard of morals, lower standards of conduct and neglect and abandonment on her part, but to delinquency on the part of her children. . . .

Even its [beverage alcohol] moderate consumption in too many instances forms

the sordid background for domestic difficulties that can only lead to our divorce courts. A great many family arguments and misunderstandings culminating in separation have their source in social drinking, and often one cocktail is used as an excuse for an act of infidelity or other misconduct in violation of the marriage contract. . . . Alcohol is playing an increasingly important part in rending asunder happy and secure family life and in fostering juvenile and adult delinquency.

In this connection, my eyes were first opened on this point when, a few years ago, I asked a leading divorce lawyer in Florida what is at the bottom of most of the divorce cases he handles. The fact that he is a drinking man himself made his reply all the more impressive. After confessing that all divorce lawyers are guilty of perjury, he answered my question: "Whiskey is at the bottom of 90 per cent of my divorce cases."

IT IS EXPENSIVE

Those who have attended the usual Christmas office parties in some of our downtown office buildings say that they are often scenes of disgusting self-indulgence. Drinking people have convinced me that the practice grows out of sheer selfishness, that it is unfair to others, and that it is the antithesis of the Christian life.

Furthermore, I am opposed to drinking—all drinking—because it is a waste of money in the light of the world's need of food, education, health facilities and spiritual guidance. One of my good friends told me he stopped smoking when he discovered that he was smoking ten 25-cent cigars a day—almost a thousand dollars a year going up in smoke! A steel worker admitted to me recently that he drinks ten to twelve bottles of beer a day—about a thousand dollars a year that he contributes to the endowment fund of the breweries!

My sensitivity to the needs of a broken world is not dulled by the knowledge that we Americans spend

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more than three times as much for alcoholic beverages as for education, and about twenty times as much for that little chemical formula C_2H_5OH as for religion. It just does not make sense to me.

IT IS NAIVE

My further reason for unqualifiedly opposing the use of any and all alcoholic beverages grows out of my association with drinkers. So many of them, if not acutally ill, are naive. They are naive about cheerfulness. I have seen more people made morose than merry, gloomy than glad, by a round of drinks. They cry a lot and indulge in self-pity, yet a little "jigger" is supposed to give you a lift. They are naive about the effects of alcohol in general. They always speak of it as a stimulant when it is a sedative—else why do they go to sleep?

They are naive about friendship. Every drinker thinks it a badge of real friendship to buy another man a drink. Over and over I ask the bums who come to me for a meal where they got the money for the drink they obviously have had. "A man at a bar bought it for me," they always say.

The liquor industry is naive in its advertising and these people have helped to drive me to my present positive position. Testifying some time ago before the Senate's interstate and foreign commerce committee Bishop Hammaker said: "Have you ever noticed that no pictured man or woman drinker [in advertisements] is ever disheveled or silly in appearance? There is never a sign of boisterous gaiety. No stagger, no, not even a swagger. Poised, masterful men; beautifully gowned, well be-

haved women. No unseemly coarseness in relations of men and women in high-priced lounges or low-priced taverns. No fights, no brawls, no murders." It may well be that the liquor industry is smart and the public naive.

Roger Babson told the same committee: "The great volume of liquor advertising constitutes a constant appeal for alcoholic indulgence, not only to men, but to growing boys and girls and women. Drinking is depicted by masters of the art of advertising. It is even depicted as something desirable from a business standpoint . . . as witness the advertisements of 'Men of Distinction.' . . . I am thoroughly convinced that the tremendous volume of liquor advertising has increased the amount of intemperance and vice, crime, accidents, injuries, damage to industry and property, as well as moral degradation attributable to drinking of alcoholics."

A SPIRITUAL PROBLEM

It is now clear to me that in the end, for both the individual and the nation, this whole matter is a spiritual problem. Arnold Toynbee said, "Our secular life in this world is only a fragment of some larger life of higher spiritual dimensions." The same writer also said, "Caesar's empire always does decay after a run of a few hundred years." Perhaps this preoccupation with the semiconscious dream world of tavern and cocktail lounge is a sign of the slow but steady progress of decay in our Western civilization. It is a flight from reality, and no people that will not stand up to life and its stern problems soberly can long survive.

Startling statistics concerning the "income and outgo" of the American people in 1952 have been released by the National Temperance League, Inc. Write to Laura Lindley, Research Secretary, 131 Independence Ave., S.E., Washington 3, D. C., for *Alcohol Statistics Letters and Nuggets* No. 57. Brief quote:

The people of the United States spent \$11,716 millions for recreation, \$9,570 millions for drink, and only \$2,148 for religious and welfare activities, or in the ratio of 50, 41 and 9 for these things. The expenditure for liquors was almost as much as for medical care and death expenses, to which alcoholic beverages contributed a considerable share.

My Most Unforgettable Character

By LAURA B. WALKER, Pittsburgh, Pa., Retired Missionary, Egypt

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Hart (the name Phebe was given to her by an old elder of the Luxor church where Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Hart had pioneered) began in 1904

when our party landed in Port Said. We missed the Cairo train and Dr. Hart invited us to their home in Zagazig. How we enjoyed their hospitality and their two young boys,

Mrs. S. G. Hart was Mary Elizabeth Rose before her marriage. She went to Egypt with her husband in 1892, where she served until her death in 1926. Their son, Dr. Hugh Hart, is a physician in New Wilmington, Pa. Another son, Walter, is a business man employed by Westinghouse in Cairo, Egypt

Miss Walker's birthplace was Walker's Mills, near Carnegie, Pa. She was educated in the Carnegie Public Schools and at the State Normal at Indiana, Pa. For four years she taught successfully in Carnegie, where she was active in the United Presbyterian Sabbath School and Church.

In 1904 she began her long career as missionary to Egypt, where she served happily and successfully at Cairo, Alexandria and Luxor. She is the proud possessor of the WGMS Thirty-year Service Pin.

She is now retired, a member of the big family at the United Presbyterian Home for the Aged. She seldom misses the Tuesday morning Prayer Meeting on the ninth floor of the Publication Building. Her presence is a blessing to all who attend.

Concerning this article about her beloved Mrs. Hart, Miss Walker wishes that credit be given to Misses Paden, Acheson and French for some of the information.

Walter and Hugh!

"To look into Mrs. Hart's kind brown eyes and gentle face and to know her selflessness, one knew she was a wonderful missionary."

Mrs. Hart's time as mother and missionary was divided. Before the days of the special school for missionary children, it was her responsibility to teach their two sons and to outline work for them while she

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was supervising the Mission Girls' School, and the Bible Women in their visits in homes.

While the Harts had charge of the work in the Land of Goshen, Mrs. Hart started a school for training Bible teachers. The girls went to school as other girls did, but before and after school, Mrs. Hart helped them in every way she could. She probably supplied their clothes, too. But her special work was to teach them the Bible.

My intimate acquaintance with her began in 1918. She had charge of the Bible Women in the Luxor District. Dr. Hart was in charge of the sailboat *Witness*.

To me Mrs. Hart had a wonderful gift of tact in choosing needy girls and educating them for school or teachers in the homes. She thought that if a girl finished the sixth year in one of our good schools she should go out into active work.

Several of her girls were in Luxor, School. One from her Zagazig School had served as Bible Teacher in Luxor, married, was a good mother and an earnest church member.

Once Mrs. Hart visited a non-Christian school in a certain town. The teacher, thinking Mrs. Hart was a foreigner and did not know Arabic, swore at her children!

In a village where there were just a few church members, Dr. Hart had a communion service. Two barber brothers were absent. The wind was against us, providentially, so Dr. Hart planned a meeting in their village, across the Nile. We walked through fields to their mud village. Upon our arrival the outer room was swept and strips of matting laid on the ground for the men.

Mrs. Hart entered and wended her way into an open court where the Buffalo cow was, and a few women seated on the ground. Soon others came down from the roof. We were on chairs, but soon Mrs. Hart slipped to the ground. There were children too. One woman felt Mrs. Hart's hair and remarked, "She is aging,"

all because of some gray hairs! She began to explain the Lord's Prayer. One woman sidled up to her and asked, "Just what would you do if someone stole your gold necklace?" (The necklace would mean her whole bank account.)

On a visit to a village out from Luxor, we heard wailing as we approached on our donkeys. Mrs. Hart sat right down among the women on the dusty dyke and gave them a wonderful message of comfort. At these mournings are always non-Christians, as well as others.

On another visit to a needy village, she went to the home of the school teacher. His daughter was a pupil in our Luxor school. They were most needy. Mrs. Hart's predecessor had never been able to meet the mother. But Mrs. Hart went right into their inner room where she found the poor woman with flu. A little one tugged at her breast. There were five children, ranging in age up to the daughter in school!

Mrs. Hart was heard to say that when she visited in the homes of even the poorest, she could always learn something. On one occasion she had been to the home of an evangelist whose salary was not more than fifteen dollars a month. His wife was the mother of seven sons—"Mother of Seven," she was called. This little woman had grown up in a village where girls were not admitted to the small elementary boys' school, so could not read or write, yet she was faithful and helpful at all meetings. Their tiny mud hut with dirt floor was immaculate. Thanks to her careful budgeting, all seven sons were receiving an education in school, church, and—yes, the home! Mrs. Hart found in "Mother of Seven" a true kindred spirit—a source of inspiration.

A tourist from America with little interest in religion, was introduced to Mrs. Hart on a train, going up-country. His comment to someone later, "If I were going to be converted I'd like to have that woman do it."

A Mountain Top Vision

By VIRGINIA STORMER, Presbyterian U.S.A., Missionary-Teacher, Truchas, New Mexico

THE last seven miles of road to Truchas, New Mexico, are unpaved. The first time I traveled it I held my breath as we went around the mountain curves. But the beauty of the Truchas Peaks ahead of us caught my breath, too. Sometimes the road of life at a mission is like that. Sometimes you are apprehensive of what lies ahead but at the same time you are joyful over unexpected opportunities.

About nine hundred people live in Truchas. Most of them own small plots of land on which they raise corn, squash, peas and food for their few farm animals. The men usually spend several months away from home in the winter working in the mines—when work is available. Some are employed at Los Alamos, the atom-bomb city, to which they commute daily the total distance of 80 miles.

The nearest town which offers the services of doctor, electrician, garage, and freight station is twenty miles away. Just six years ago, electricity came to Truchas. In the past four years, the mission has acquired its first refrigerator, gas stove and washing machine. Only last summer, running water in the homes was made available to the people. Two of our church members were leaders in getting this project started. However, most of the people still get their water from the ditch that runs through the town.

It is in this setting that the mission serves. It all began in 1902 when the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., brought a school to Truchas at the request of a committee represent-

ing the people of this community. The first schoolroom and place of worship had been a public dance hall. Through the years, land has been acquired on which were built a school, a church, and a cottage for the three teachers. Three years ago, with the help of the entire community, a clinic was built and the house remodeled to provide for a resident nurse.

Our school is one of the main ways in which we reach people for Christ. In our school building of three spacious classrooms and a community room we teach from the kindergarten through the sixth grade. The majority of the 85 children come from Roman Catholic homes. Last year a young father brought his son to enter kindergarten. When he himself was a boy, his Penitente† father did not allow him to attend a single function of the mission. This year, a man who was once head of the Penitente order brings his little granddaughter two and a half miles on horseback in order that she may attend our school. When the students have graduated from our sixth grade, they either attend the public school or go to our Presbyterian boarding school in Santa Fe, 40 miles away. From there they go to Menaul, the senior high at Albuquerque, 100 miles away. Not all of those who attend or are graduated from our mission schools become active in our church work, but many do. In Chacon, N. Mex., another plaza similar to Truchas, a couple who are graduates of Menaul have taken over the work of the mission there. Two of our staff here have attended the mission schools.

Our community room, located in the center of our school, is often the center of activities here at the mission. In this room, we show free

Miss Stormer, one-time United Presbyterian, is serving now as missionary under the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. This article is in keeping with the current interdenominational Home Missions theme, "Spanish-Speaking Americans in the U.S.A. In addition, the information acquaints us with some of the work being done by the Northern Presbyterian Church.

†The Penitente order probably dates back to a religious order from Europe that practiced self torture as penance for their sins. They are active mainly at funerals and during the Lenten Season, especially on Good Friday.

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educational movies and pay movies for entertainment. Here we have two socials a month, one for the children and one for the young people. A *social* means an evening of fun playing folk games. No other entertainment or even refreshments are expected, yet I have seldom seen young people enjoy themselves more. The community room, with a stage at one end, is also used for our school programs, for our school club, for the rummage sales, for the community dinner at Thanksgiving, and for the week of church evenings. This latter event includes mission study and fellowship and many participate who are not church members.

Our nurse is on twenty-four hour duty. She takes care of everything from giving out "green pills" for headaches to delivering babies. The thick-walled adobe houses usually have two or three rooms to accommodate the family of seven or eight members. Last year one of our girls was sent home from the boarding school with instructions to stay in isolation—in a two-room house! We were thankful that an aunt could take her for awhile. The nurse also teaches health classes during school and holds classes for the community. We feel fortunate in having a clinic for this area. Not a day goes by that

she isn't called into someone's home. Here, then, is another way in which we may witness.

The church program in a mission church is just like that in any large city Presbyterian Church. In our church of 125 members we have elders, trustees, an adult choir, a junior choir, a Westminster Fellowship, etc. Next week, we plan to travel 60 miles to a young people's rally. Our minister serves four communities and travels the nine miles from his home in Chimayo each Sunday morning as well as making the trip other times when he is needed. Our Sunday School is held in the church, in all the classrooms at school and at the clinic. In the summer, we hold a Bible School for the children of this community who do not attend our school as well as Bible Schools held in other communities where there is no Protestant work. A Menaul graduate told us this summer that she had gone to Menaul because of the contact we had had with her one summer in Bible School.

Even though we are helping to meet the needs of the people educationally, socially, and medically, we know that the spiritual aspect of our work, that is, letting Christ be known, is our most important mission.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

What basic, elemental considerations make for an ideal Christmas for Christians? What mars the majestic simplicity of the celebration of Christ's birth? Oh, that Christians everywhere might properly evaluate, then consistently reach some conclusions about Christ's kind of Christmas as they plan for Christmas with family and friends!

Have you, too, seen His Star and followed it, even as Marjorie Faught, Margaret Ballantyne, Joan E. Yilek, Beverly J. Day, Sarah B. Meloy and others have followed where it led them? Are you willing to tell about it?

Can you find in the meditations on Adults, Youth and Children at Worship, some ways whereby you will want to give to Christ overflowing worship at Christmas in 1953?

Are you ready to take a new evaluation of your possessions as you follow Dr. McKnight's logical reasoning about steward-

ship? To lead your church groups into nobler horizons of giving and living?

If—and heaven forbid that Christians traffic in the liquor traffic—the blatant voices of liquor advertisers have dulled your conscience toward that which defiles the temple of the Holy Spirit—please read and discuss Dr. Ansley Moore's challenging article.

Many thoughts found within these articles should inspire discussion. It is given to you to adapt, to supplement, to use in whatever way seems best for your particular group. Above all, let us "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" in Christmas programs for men, women, youth, and mixed groups.

Some may wish to use a new song just published by M. Witmark & Sons, 619 W. 54th St., New York 19, N. Y., 60¢, entitled "Put Christ Back into Christmas." Words and music by Edward Egide Unger.

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

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Christmas

Is

Coming

As near to you as is your pen or your typewriter is your opportunity to remember your friends and family—son, daughter, cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents, parents.

MISSIONARY HORIZONS wants to help you do your Christmas shopping! You may do it early—now—by filling out the blanks below. A copy of the December issue and a Christmas card announcing your gift will be sent to each person you choose to remember with a gift subscription to MISSIONARY HORIZONS.

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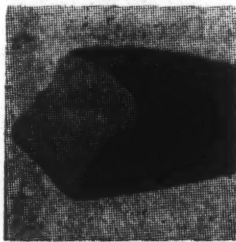
Worship Services at

God's Word Is To Us . . .

V. A LIVING FOOD

Bible Reading—Matthew 4:4

By MRS. ROLLAND E. GREFE, Des Moines, Iowa



Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

There are 19 scriptural passages in the Bible relating to food. The Communists have said, "Give us a man who is hungry for food and we have a convert to our plan." Why is so much importance attached to food? Perhaps we need to review the physiological basis for food. A certain bread company advertises that it builds strong bodies eight ways, but since space is limited we shall give our attention to three reasons why we need food. These are:

1. Energy 2. Growth 3. Repair

God's Word can benefit our spiritual life as food does our physical life.

Let us take the matter of *energy*. What passages can we find which when read and absorbed in our living can give us that courage to face the future? Paul in writing to the Romans reminded them, "Have your mind renewed, and so be transformed in nature, able to make out what the will of God is." If you think you are beaten, you are! Nine times out of ten, what breaks us down is an external strain plus a sense of internal inadequacy to meet it. Some of us are like cisterns—we are good as far as we go but the sources of our supply are limited. But some are like artesian wells with resources that run deep. The Christian mind links itself with the will of God and taps resources for real living. God's Word provides us with the key to energy. Put yourself in relationship with God so that He can do in and for and through you, what He wants.

The next benefit of food is *growth*. How many of you have said to your children, "Eat all of your food so that you will *grow* up to be big and strong. When we reach the

age of maturity most of us hope that we will stop growing physically. But what opportunities for growing mentally!

We can be forgiving. To quote God's word dealing with forgiveness would use the rest of the time but if you are interested in some of the references, we have the Parable of the Prodigal, where the father forgave his wayward son; Jesus' answer to Peter when asked how often he should forgive sin was "seventy times seven." Our Lord's Prayer contains, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Jesus prayed on the cross, "Father forgive them." One of the best measures of how mature you are is your ability to forgive.

Another way to grow is to be more loving. A loving person does not have race or religious prejudices, does not injure other people by word or deed and in general lives by God's Word that "Ye love one another." There are many other references in the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount to nourish you in growing spiritually.

Now let us consider the final use of food—that of *repair*. Every time I raise and lower my arm I destroy cells. If I did not nourish the cell replenishing functions of my body with food, I would soon waste away. Everyday our spiritual cells are being bombarded by external circumstance. How then does God's word nourish and refresh the spirit? Two men are told by their physicians that they have only a few more months to live. One lapses into plain-tiveness and fear while the other supported and encouraged by God's Word capitalizes the forbidding event by making those final months among the most memorable and influential in his life. Jesus tells us in John 14 that "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, shall teach you all things. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

So we see that God's word is a living food ready to provide energy, encourage growth and sustain and heal.

Worship Services I and II form the center spread of September 1953 "Missionary Horizons"; III and IV in October.

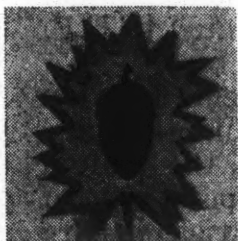
WGMS Convention

God's Word Is To Us . . .

VI. A GROWING SEED

Bible Reading—Luke 8:1

By NELLIE C. SMITH, Grove City, Pa., Retired Missionary, Egypt



Ninety-nine years ago our church began its work of planting the seed of God's Word in the land of Egypt. Egypt was one of the countries where Christianity was established in the early days, but

the Mohammedan invasion of Egypt, the change of language, the persecutions, left the Coptic people without a Bible in the Arabic language, which became the language of the country, instead of the Coptic in which their language was written.

So our early missionaries found a very needy people, the Coptic minority, without a Bible which they could read and understand and much persecution. Then the Bible was translated into Arabic, and introduced into Egypt. It has brought a great change and the opportunity to all there to own and know God's Word. Now there is an earnest, Evangelical Church, growing year by year, in numbers, in giving, and in leadership. Also the Coptic church has the Bible in its own language, the Arabic, and its members are doing their best to save the unsaved.

You'll be interested in knowing that if you want to see the city which comes next to Pittsburgh in the number of United Presbyterian churches, you must visit Cairo, where there are twenty-two United Presbyterian churches.

May God's Word not only grow and bring forth fruit in the salvation of the lost, but also in iHs children that we may really live Christ before the world.

PRAYER FOR THE SEED

O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest's blest,
Whose Word, like manna showered heaven
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intensest heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

—Bishop Heber

LESSONS FROM THE ACORN

As we walk through the woods on an autumn day, we search among the fallen leaves and find many acorns. We pick one up and look at it. We see nothing but a hard brown shell and rough cap or hood covering. By a few moments of meditation and inward vision we may gain many life lessons from this work of nature.

The acorn is a bundle of stored up energies. In it is life, the power of producing leaves, twigs, branches, and every part of the great oak tree, which is the giant among trees. So every great thing usually has had a small beginning. Our greatest men have risen from humble and adverse circumstances.

Although the acorn has these hidden forces of nature, which if given the opportunity will develop into a perfect tree, it will lie dormant and dead if deprived of moisture, air, and sunlight. We plant the acorn, but it must make the supreme sacrifice of self and die before it can fulfill the mission assigned to it by the God of nature. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." "He who would save his life shall lose it, but he who will give his life for my sake shall find it."

It takes many years for the acorn to grow into a tree, but this is according to God's plan. He has appointed a time and season for all things and is never before or behind his time.

When the hidden energies of the acorn are spent in growth, nature provides other means of nourishment. Just so when we sacrifice our all. God will supply all our need according to his riches in Christ Jesus.

If we use our talents God will cause us to grow into strong Christian characters, able to withstand the storms and adversities of life.

The acorn sprout seeks its nourishment from the damp, dark earth, but may grow and spread its leaves in the bright sunshine. We must be rooted and grounded in love,

(Continued on page 165)

Editorials

PROGRAM CALENDAR FOR 1954

"CHRIST FOR THE WORLD" is the theme that calls for the attention of all missionary-program builders who look to the annual *Program Calendar* for guidance.

A representative committee assisted in the selection of theme and topics. Missionaries at the New Wilmington Missionary Conference contributed invaluable assistance in topic details and suggested writers.

In keeping with current interdenominational and denominational emphasis, topics are focused on the world, specifically pin-pointed to U.P. mission sections of our *one world*.

How humble we are when we think of our unique, strategic location in Muslim strongholds! How humble when we realize that unless we are faithful in Egypt, Pakistan-India, Sudan, Ethiopia—and in the United States of America, many people will live and die without opportunity to know Christ! How humble when we remember that all Christians are *missionaries* whether we go to fields afar, or remain at home "to hold the ropes" for those who go!

"CHRIST FOR THE WORLD!" Are we willing to live for Him and to die for Him of whom an early church father said in words something like these:

He is the Truth—without which there is no knowing;
He is the Way—without which there is no going;
He is the Life—without which there is no living.

"CHRIST FOR THE WORLD!" Unless we believe in His all-sufficiency for the world's perplexities and problems, for its promises and its prospects, this *Program Calendar* will avail little with any group. Why should missionary programs ever be dull and insipid, perfunctory and ordinary? The wealth of the greatest literature in the world is ours! Add the spark of Christian zeal, the selfless concern for others—and leave the seed-growing results with the Christ of the Harvest.

So we say, "Go, little *Program Calendar*, on your mission of helpfulness to all who choose to give you the opportunity to help them. Go, *Missionary Horizons* on your glowing mission, to bear the messages of interpretative, devoted, studious writers as they unfold the meaning of the Program Topics month by month during 1954!"

CONTENTS OF PROGRAM CALENDAR: Within gray covers, printed in royal blue, you may expect to find 32 pages of concise, pertinent listing of topics, worship services, scripture selections, songs-for-the-month, beautified with appropriate silhouette drawings and poems; also blank spaces for writing in dates and places of meetings, hostesses, program leaders, with special pages for officers, committees and membership roll.

COST OF PROGRAM CALENDAR: 10¢ each, plus sufficient postage to mail them to you. In estimating postage, it may help you to know that twenty programs weigh approximately one pound (not counting wrapping). You can determine the probable postage according to zone-distance from Pittsburgh. Remember that parcel post rates have been raised recently.

WHERE TO ORDER PROGRAM CALENDARS: From Mrs. Ralph Arnold, Treasurer, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa. Please send remittance with all orders and not ask Treasurer to bill you. In order to keep the price down to 10¢ each, extra bookkeeping is impossible.

Program Calendar—1954

THEME: *Christ For the World* (John 17:23)

JANUARY

TODAY CHALLENGES US

Worship: Hebrews 3:13-19; John 17:23.

Program Topics:

1. Lost Fairylands (Part I, Chap. 1, *That the World May Know*).
2. Contemporary Perplexity—In Egypt, Pakistan-India, Ethiopia, Sudan, U.S.A.
3. Unchanging Mission (Part I, Chaps. 2, 3; *That the World May Know*).

FEBRUARY

YESTERDAY INSPIRES US

Worship: Isa. 19:1; 19-25; John 17:23.

Program Topics:

1. Historical Perspective (Part II, *That the World May Know*).
2. Egypt's 100 Years.
(Almost the entire program given to the Centennial of our Mission Work in Egypt.)

MARCH

TOMORROW BECKONS US

Worship: Hebrews 13:8; John 17:23.

Program Topics:

1. Christian Prospect (Part III, *That the World May Know*).
2. Widening Horizons—
(Sub-topics on each mission field)
3. Voice of Short Termers.

APRIL

YOUTH RESPONDS

Worship: 1 Tim. 4:12; 2 Tim. 2:15.

Program Topics:

1. "The Lord Is Risen."
2. From Other Shores They Come—
(Students from mission lands)
3. Everybody Loves a Story.
(A story from each mission field)

MAY

CHILDREN FOLLOW

Worship: Prov. 22:6; Psa. 128.

Program Topics:

1. Children Everywhere (each mission field).
2. Homes (each mission field).
3. Sobriety for Their Sakes.

JUNE

HORIZONS—FAR AND NEAR

Worship: Joel 2:28; Rev. 3:8.

Program Topics:

1. Memory Dreams.
2. Youthful Visions.
3. Seeing the Immediate.

This brief outline is merely a foretaste of the printed "Program Calendar." Details, such as "Prayer Cycle" suggestions, Song-of-the-Month listings, appropriate poems are omitted here because of space limitations. Order your "Program Calendar" now, one for each member of your group, from Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, Treasurer, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa. 10c each plus postage. (Note that parcel post rates have increased.)

JULY

ROMANCE OF THE MISSIONARY \$

Worship: Isa. 55:1, 2; Mark 12:41-44.

Program Topics:

1. Here It Comes.
2. There It Goes (To mission fields).
3. They, too, Give.

AUGUST

WGMS TOGETHER AGAIN

Worship: WGMS Convention Scripture.

Program Topics:

1. There was Worship.
2. There was Inspiration.
3. There was Business.

SEPTEMBER

RURAL HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Worship: Isa. 35:1,2; Psa. 23; Luke 14:23.

Program Topics:

1. "Let Me Walk in the Fields."
2. Ministering to Rural Areas (in each mission field).
3. Time to Think Thank Offering.

OCTOBER

CITY STREETS AND CHURCHES

Worship: Matt. 5:14-16; Rev. 3:1-22.

Program Topics:

1. "He said, 'No; walk in the town.'"
2. *Man and God in the City* (tentative title for Home Mission Textbook).
3. U. P. Work in American Cities.

NOVEMBER

SPIRES AND MINARETS

Worship: Matt. 21:10, 23:37; Heb. 11:10.

Program Topics:

1. *One Day for Gratitude?*
2. *Man and God in the City*.
3. Typical Cities (in our foreign fields).

DECEMBER

CHRIST, OUR HOPE

Worship: 1 Tim. 1:1; Acts 4:12.

Program Topics:

1. God's Christmas Gift to the World.
2. East Meets West in World Conference.
3. Christ, the Hope—
Pakistan-India, Sudan, Ethiopia, Egypt, U.S.A.

A THANKSGIVING DAY MESSAGE

"NINE WENT AWAY" (Luke 17:11-19)

Ten men came to Jesus one day, ten men with nothing to be thankful for—they were lost in the pit of leprosy. With nothing further to lose but everything to gain they came, cried and claimed His cure. Then in one glorious, blinding moment they had *everything* to be thankful for! Their leprosy had been cured and they had found a new life of restoration!

But there is a bitter tragedy in the very heart of this testimony of triumph. It is a tragedy which has been repeated over and over again down the long corridor of years, upon the very part and from the very heart of those who profess Christ. It is a tragedy of which YOU may have been guilty over and over again, and all without knowing it!

It is the tragedy of forgetting that an experience in the heart and life is always meant to exercise itself in the expression of the lips and voice. A touch from the Lord is always meant to teach us to say "Thank you, Lord!"

Only one of the ten men remembered and returned. The other nine just went away—happy but heedless; remembering to tell loved ones, no doubt, but forgetting to thank the One who healed them. They were like so many present-day Christians—so filled with the good things of the Lord, but so empty in returning praise and thanksgiving.

Perhaps these nine never knew it—perhaps they would have been frightened or humbled if they had known, but in a solemn, spiritual sense, they went away to form the charter membership of one of the most Christ-wounding societies on the face of this earth, which since that time has tragically grown to cover the earth with a membership that is not even aware of its existence; and even less aware that they are an active part of it!

The society? It can go under many names. I choose to call it, "The Ancient Society of the Thankless Nine."

There is only one mark for membership. When I call it to your attention, I pray that you will bow your head, humble your heart and let a solemn hush steal over your soul. Here is the mark:

Just forget to say "Thank you" to the Lord Jesus, whenever He has done something for you.

Think back. Were there not times when He was so real, so dear, so near? when He so blessedly revealed Himself? when He led so lovingly? when He guided so graciously? when He protected so powerfully? when He supplied with such sufficiency? And perhaps you think back, now, with tears and a torn heart.

Think of today. Thanksgiving is here, with so much to remind us of the pause for the giving of thanks, for this should be a holy day rather than a holiday.

Think again of the blessed Lord Jesus. In the very gathering of the long shadows of Calvary, He paused, "and gave thanks" (Luke 22:17). Say not that He who drained the cup for us in our stead, shall receive in return naught save the bitter dregs of thanklessness! Such a tragedy at Thanksgiving is a sign of a leprosy of the soul.

Or perhaps you never have reached out and accepted the free gift which God offers you in Christ Jesus. To all men, doomed because of sin to eternal separation from God, He has made available eternal salvation. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God . . .

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The wages of sin is death . . . But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans 3:23; Romans 6:23; Romans 5:8).

But He will not force His gift upon you—you must reach out by faith and accept Jesus Christ's substitutionary death as having been for you. "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2:24).

Then, having accepted this Gift, join the Lord's people at this Thanksgiving time in praise to Him who is the giver of every good gift.

—Edwin Raymond Anderson.

FOOLS — WHICH?

A man who owned a goat took it into the saloon one day and made it drunk (just for fun). The goat had always gone into this place and waited for his master, but after this experience it would not go near the door, much less inside.

A man in England poured some very strong liquor in the watering trough of the cows; they would not drink it, and would not even go near the trough the following day.

The crows were very busy devouring the corn crop on one of the best farms on the Illinois River. The farmer soaked some corn in alcohol and scattered it over his fields. The crows came and ate some of it, flew away in an amusing manner, but never returned for another feast of corn. (Perhaps a good way to eliminate crows.—Editor)

A horse was led in the usual way to the water trough, in which strong liquor had been poured. The horse expanded his nostrils and snorted and blew at it but would not touch it; neither would he drink from that trough for more than four weeks, until every trace and smell of liquor was gone.

That which neither goats, cows, crows, horses, or hogs will drink is hardly safe, fit, or useful for man to drink.—*Canadian Evangelical*

WGMS ECHOES

A large picture frame containing these neatly printed words greeted Conventioners as they waited in line for splendid cafeteria-service meals in Westminster dining room:

A CHEERFUL PRAYER

*Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.*

*Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.*

*Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.*

*Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.
From a tablet in England's
Chester Cathedral*

LESSONS FROM THE ACORN

(Continued from Page 161)

and have our feet firmly planted on the Rock Jesus Christ.

Like the acorn we must grow slowly, but surely, climbing higher and growing stronger every day. As the acorn does not grow for itself but for the good of mankind in providing shelter and comfort, so we should be spent for others.

God's chosen servants of old spent many

years in preparation for a few years of service. We think of Moses, Noah, and of Jesus who spent thirty years in toil and obscurity before his life of public ministry began.

One little acorn can not make a forest by itself, but many growing together make the forest of mighty oaks.

—Blanche Hewitt

NEWS FROM AFAR

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Assiut, Egypt

CAN YOU READ?

Sabbath morning in church I offered my song book to a well-dressed woman near me. She thanked me, but did not accept the book, humbly acknowledging that she could not read. Girls in her village did not continue long in school. She was married young and had been busy with her family responsibilities. The reading had been forgotten. But it was rather a shock to me, for most of our Cairo church women do read, and well. Many of the older women have injured their sight by excessive mourning which has taken away if they ever had any real desire to read the Word of God for themselves. Many of these do not stir themselves out of their spiritual lethargy enough to come to the church. We must go to them. And that is where the service of the Bible Women comes in.

Our Cairo Bible Women visit in the homes. Sometimes there are two or more pupils in one home. One has almost a hundred pupils whom she is teaching to read the Bible with her in their homes. They learn to read for themselves and with their families. In this way women have become mothers of several of our Cairo churches, building the mothers' faith and trust on Jesus our Rock as He is revealed in His Book, that they may have Him in their hearts and live His love to others. Of course the Bible Women frequently meet other members of the family. Neighbors and friends may be there too. Who can measure the effect of even once hearing the Word of Life?

The welcome in each home is cordial, so eager that we, too, as they ask us wonder why we have not managed to come to them oftener. It is the love of Christ reaching out to

them in their need, whether the home be a tiny hovel on the fringe of the city with earthen floor and absence of what to us are even the barest necessities, or in one of the many fine new apartment buildings in this rapidly growing city. Perhaps it is in the basement of an old house in a narrow street in an old section of the city where one marvels at the numbers of people who are crowded together and how the teacher finds her way through the devious turnings to her specific homes of the uncounted many there. Or perhaps it is one of those new homes being built by forward-looking workmen, largely by the labor of their own hands as they can get funds together, living with their families in their own new home as it grows. All welcome us with open hearts and are eager for the message of our Living Saviour.

It means much to the Bible Women for us to visit with them, too. They are eager for suggestion and help to bring their pupils nearer to the Living Saviour, even though they have been at this business of home visitation for 25 or 30 years. Making three to eight or ten visits daily, five or six or even seven days a week might get very monotonous if one did not love the people. These Bible Women do love their pupils, weep with those who weep and rejoice with the rejoicing. The heartsore and weary are their care, and the hungry and out-of-work, the sick and the quarreling, the lonely and the sad, the hopeless, and the bad.

The majority of these whom they seek out are not the least interested in learning to read. "Can I read? I'm old. I'm busy with family cares. My eyes are bad. My head is thick. But you, I love to have you come to visit

me, and to tell me of Jesus and His love. Why do you not come often?" And we wonder why we do not manage to do so.

Yet out of these hundreds of pupils the teachers found some whom they showed the new interesting picture book prepared with Dr. Frank Laubach's method of teaching adults to read their own language, and to write it. It grasped their imagination. They began. They discovered that they too could find meaning from the printed pages. And usually what they read was stories of Jesus and His great love for the people.

"Other sheep I have—they also I must bring—and they shall hear—and become one flock." But we also have the Christ's endorsement of the study of the Book for daily nourishment for strong and growing discipleship. Therefore we join the prayer for the Church of Egypt to take and use this Laubach method to abolish illiteracy from the church. And may each member be stirred to use this ready instrument to bring life and love to neighbors. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth Light." "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Margaret A. Work

Ethiopia

MRS. RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER, Editor, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

GHIMEERA

Several months have passed since we arrived in Ghimeera. As we stopped at the compound the joy cry went up from the "sick ones" living in little grass huts along the edge of the clearing. These temporary homes are barely a shelter for those who must remain for treatment at the clinic. The months have gone by and still the little huts are filled with those who need a physician and nursing care in a hospital. We are doing our best but the crying need for a doctor and a hospital still remains.

Bandeira (Flag) is the small daughter of a leprous woman who has lived near the mission for several months. Little "Flag" is perhaps eight years old, a dear child with a quick smile and an invitation in her eye to become friends on short notice. Alas, she has leprosy and we are not able to take her into the school. Trying to decide how best to brighten her little life, it was decided that she should have an American doll, the best we had, a rubber doll with a bright dress and a blanket to take the place of the very important "shamma" in which every Ethiopian baby is wrapped for the first few months of its life. When the doll was put into Bandeira's arms, she had no

words—she couldn't believe it was for her. A crowd gathered around and there was much talking and laughing. At last, we thought, this little girl would have something to bring joy into her life. A few hours later the mother came to the door to return the doll, saying that it was not good for them to keep it. The next day we learned why she had returned the doll. She believed it to be a real baby, and said that they did not know how to care for a foreigner's baby, she feared that it would die and then there would be trouble. Then she returned to get the doll for her child. Weekly Bandeira appears at church with her "baby" tied to her back just like mothers in Africa. A part of every day is given to the care of her new child and the little leprous girl hugs it to her as she curls up on the leaves which serve as her bed.

Smallpox vaccine arrived by plane, just in time for there are numerous cases in the village and only two of those in school have been vaccinated. Two vials were sent off to Maji by special runner. Since the vials were placed in the hollowed-out stem of a banana leaf, they are at the mercy of the porter who promised that he would dip them into each stream he crossed to try to keep them cool dur-

ing the four days' journey.

Continue to remember this station in your prayers. We need staff, buildings, equipment. Of the four persons now working here, one has furlough due in January 1954, and the nurse and builder are here temporarily. We have one permanent residence almost completed, two temporary mud and thatch dwellings, a chapel and a clinic built from the corrugated aluminum

which was brought out for roofing of the hospital and residences. Every storm loosens some of the sheets of aluminum and they are blown off in spite of wire, together with stones and wood thrown on top to help hold them down. Let us not cease to pray for the completion of the plans for this station and for the staff to man it. I Thessalonians 5:25.

Ruth L. Walker

The North Sudan

MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Editor, Omdurman, The North Sudan

ON THE MISSIONARIES' VERANDA

The sound of two or three excited girls chattering at the same time is an indication to us that our "Wednesday afternoon meeting" is beginning. Before the afternoon is over, about thirty girls will come from various villages to the missionary residence.

As groups of two, three, or four arrive they begin their afternoon's work. Fatma and about twenty of her friends come to do Sudani embroidery. As Fatma comes in the gate she stops to greet the girls who are already working, then comes to the table where Evelyn Stewart is seated, ready to give out patterns for the girls to copy. When Fatma is assigned a certain pattern, she must copy it on her "meshcala," a piece of coarsely woven unbleached muslin. She joins her friends who are sitting on straw mats on the veranda or on wooden benches, and chats with them as her needle flies up and down through the cloth. She counts the threads in the cloth to be sure that the stitches are uniform. This is hard on the girls' eyes, so most of them do not work long at a time.

When Fatma completes her pattern she will be given linen to embroider. Perhaps her work will be on a dresser scarf, while her friends may be doing buffet sets, tray cloths, guest towels, or baby bibs.

Patterns are not something the

missionaries have designed. They are patterns that have been used for many years, and the girls like best to do them in a number of colors. Most of the patterns have names, as "wings of the angels," "eye of the camel," "pepper tree," "cookies," "grapes," or "feathers."

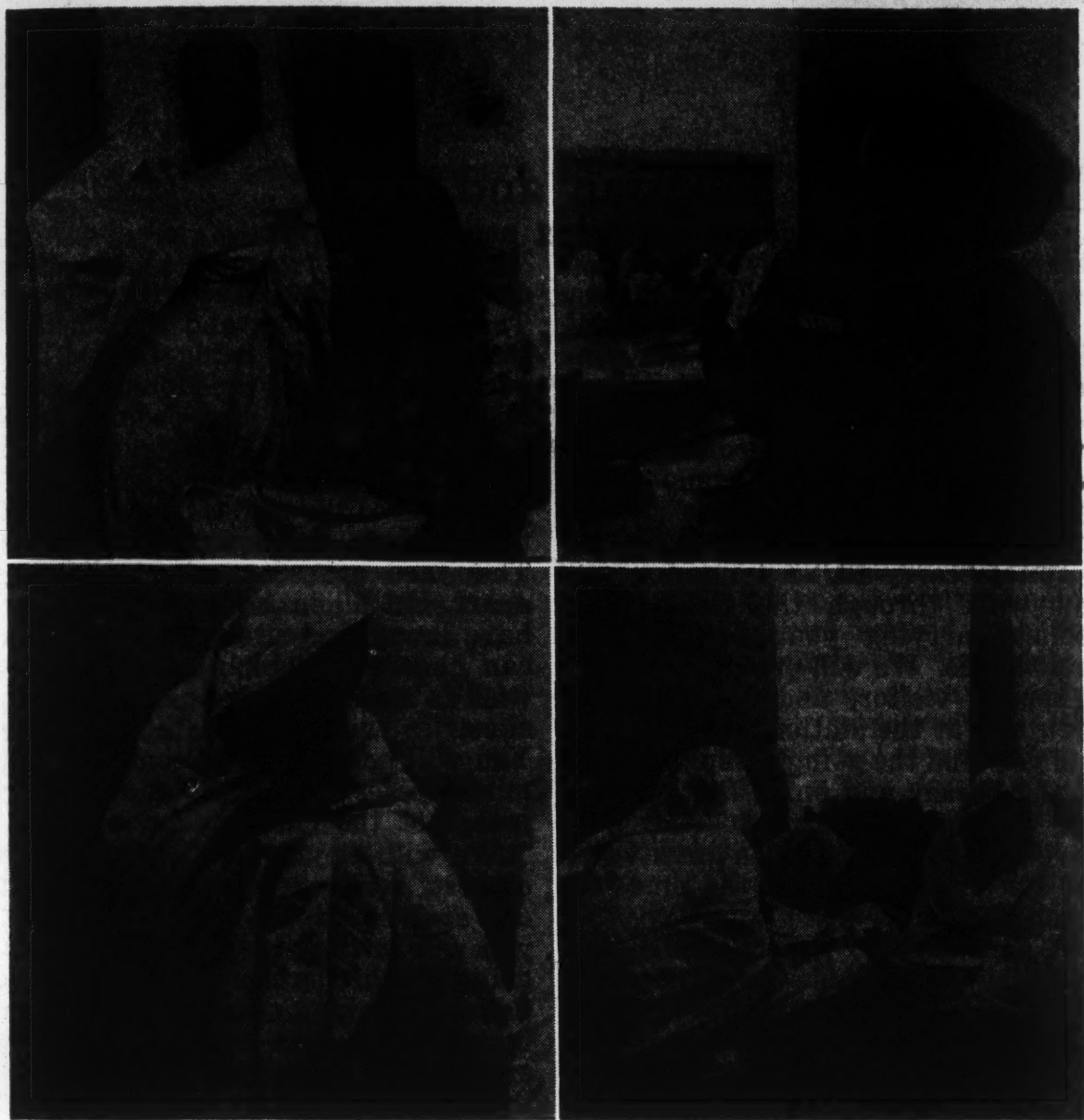
Nafeesa and her friends, most of them younger girls, come to learn to do the embroidery work. A Sudanese woman, Sitt Maryam, teaches them.

On another corner of the veranda Umm al Hassan is learning how to cut out and sew a dress. One of our loyal church members, Sitt Nabeeha, is the teacher. With nothing to guide her but a picture or a dress to copy, she snips out a newspaper pattern. Or, she may use just her tape measure without this paper pattern. The girls like pretty rayon dresses to wear under their "tobes."

During the afternoon two or three of the girls make very sweet, boiled tea which they pour into small glasses and serve to the others for 1½¢.

Sitt Zakia teaches reading and writing to a few girls, just as she and the other Bible Women teach in the village homes. One girl wants very much to learn to read well. She and three of her friends hemstitch the linen after the others have done the embroidery.

The girls leave their work for a short time to hear the Bible story, told by Sitt Zakia or me. Recently we have used stories from the life



L. to R. (upper) : Sitt Maryam teaching Sudanese embroidery; Sitt Nabesha making a paper pattern; (lower) : copying a pattern from a large Meshcala; girls working on their embroidery.

of Christ, leading up to the Easter story. Filmstrips and records have been used with some of the stories. All of the girls like pictures. One week a picture was used with the story of David the shepherd boy. It was on a roll of thirteen pictures on the life of David. The girls were not satisfied until they had seen every picture on the roll and heard briefly about each one.

Fatma, Nafeesa, Umm al Hassan, and their friends are interested in the Bible stories, occasionally interrupting to ask questions. All but one of the girls are Muslims. Khadija is most interested in the Bible lessons. She is encouraging to the teacher as she sits and nods her head and says, "Yes," a number of times during the

story. We cannot help wondering if she perhaps does not believe in her heart the Gospel she hears. Her life shows that it is different.

Most of the girls hear the Gospel only once a week—at this Wednesday meeting. A few are studying now in their homes with the Bible Women. Some have studied with the Bible Women previously.

Most of them come to this weekly meeting because it provides an opportunity for them to get out of their homes. Also, they want the small remuneration they receive for the work. Our uppermost objective in the meeting is to reach them with the Gospel. Will you not pray that this objective may be realized and bear fruit in the lives of the girls? *Ruth Wilson*

Pakistan and India

MRS. JOHN D. HARKNESS, Editor, Sargodha, Pakistan

TAXILA HOSPITAL

The train is chugging into a station and as you look out of the window, you see a sign, "Taxila Junction." You hurriedly collect your baggage, and open your door, for the train is in the station for only a few minutes. The trip from the station to the hospital can be made in the hospital "carry-all," a tonga, or you can walk through the fields with coolies carrying your baggage on their heads. We will presume you are a special visitor, and so you have been met at the station with the car, and you find the going through a part of the bazaar and on to the hospital not the most pleasant journey you have had, but perhaps you are used to the smells and sights by the time you reach Taxila.

A sign saying "American Mission Hospital" just outside the new cement block wall tells you that you have reached your destination, and the gates swing open to welcome you into our compound. The compound is composed of about 20 acres, and has an abundance of lovely trees. Just entering the gate, you see the chapel on the left-hand side, and notice the work that is being done on the new administration building, which adjoins the chapel. On the right-hand side, is the old administration building, with its operating room, clinic rooms, reading rooms, and pharmacy. A little farther on to the right is the women's ward, and on the left, is the men's ward with the new eye ward just behind and to one side of it. Turning and walking beneath the low branches of the pepper trees, you see the private quarters ahead, and also some of the staff quarters.

Pausing just for a moment you also notice some tents put up here and there to accommodate more patients during the busy season. Some of the patients' relatives are cooking food out-of-doors for the patients, and others are saying their prayers on a

cement slab, or anywhere they choose. The sun is setting, and the smell of their native food being cooked, the evening prayers of the Mohammedans and the dress of the people, make you realize you are in a strange land.

Walking on past the "lighthouse," you come to the nurses' quarters and to the three missionary bungalows. They are spaced a short distance apart, but all in a line, and they all have lawns and pretty flowers. You can choose at which bungalow you wish to stay, for any one of the missionaries will be glad to have you. You will be further welcomed by the missionaries' children, and all the pets that the children have.

We will let you have a good night of rest, retiring when the lights go out at 10 p.m. for in the morning, you will have a busy program, with going to ward preaching, visiting the patients, making rounds with the two doctors, and then over into the operating room, where you will see three tables being filled again and again for the 25 or more cataracts that must be done in the morning. Busy, yet time to pray for God's skill in performing each one. If you are tired, we shall allow you to eat your noon lunch, maybe a little late, but you will have it, and then off to clinic preaching, and then to have an insight into these people's physical troubles, by "listening in" when they talk to the doctors. Maybe all the operations couldn't be completed, so you can go back into the operating room after clinic. Home again, but maybe not for long, for there may have been an accident down the road, or maybe someone has been in a fight, and needs a nose repair or such, but we shall let you rest until train time again.

Busy days—crowded with so much to be done—but has the love of Christ been manifested in all that has been said or done? Can we do better tomorrow, by His help? We are glad

for the visit we have had together, but maybe when you come again, you can stay to help with the work. Many are the doors of opportunity through the healing of physical infirmities,

and it keeps both doctors, the one American nurse, the evangelist and all the others busy, but very, very happy for having a part in the great work.
Mrs. O. A. Brown

The South Sudan

MRS. A. Mac ROY, Editor, Nasir, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

MY FIRST DANCE

A mile away the drum was beating, calling the young Shullas to dance. Having been a foreigner in this land nearly a year, without seeing a native dance, I followed the drum.

Approaching the milling crowd packed in the open center of the host village, I was appalled by the number of people. Never had I seen such a large group of Shullas. Perhaps there were 400 or 500 people.

In their open air "powder rooms" just outside the crowded center the young men arranged their attire and retouched their make-up. Around his waist each young man wore an animal skin. Strings of bright beads hung from each short skin. Colored chalk made their tribal markings look like a string of bright beads from ear to ear across their foreheads.

As we came into the group an old man beat his stick fiercely on the ground urging the little school girls whom Miss Tetley had brought to choose young men and get into the dance. My heartbeat returned to normal soon after we had found the women's section and sat down on the ground.

In the previews, groups of young men showed their valor in mock warfare. Group after group of youths darted and charged with spears. This is for the benefit of the girls whose prerogative it is to choose their dancing partners.

The drum continued to sound. The girls chose their partners. Slowly the milling crowd in the center formed into one large moving circle. The men moved forward as they danced, their partners facing them. In one hand each man held his walk-

ing stick. Some men held shields in the left hand as they went jumping, jumping, jumping around the circle.

The circle of people went monotonously around and around. As the dancers perspired freely, the colored chalk streaked their faces. A few amusing articles appeared on the dancers. One school teacher was wearing heavy white knee socks. Several pairs of dark glasses, a black hat, a big bright yellow belt, and a necklace of neckties fastened together with safety pins were among the treasures besides the ordinary bright beads, bracelets, rings and earrings. Our language informant was wearing a plastic-drape sash. To my astonishment our tall Nyawela had donned my discarded half slip and grinned proudly as he danced past.

As the dance continued, Miss Mary Nell Harper from Sayo, Miss Helen Tetley and I headed toward the mission with the school girls. The two-hour dance was only half over. I was fatigued from just watching.

A mile from this dance scene stands the Doleib Hill Church. On Sabbath morning will this crowd overflow the Lord's House? No, Shullas think nothing of walking many miles to a dance, but only a very few will walk the short distance from the nearby villages to the church. Most of the baptized Christians have little interest in their church. Would that a fraction of the enthusiasm and energy for the dance might be channeled into the Lord's work. Won't you join us in prayer that this native church may fill with earnest Christians and there may be many more Christian churches among the Shulla people?
Mrs. Sherman Wilson

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary
9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

"Oh give thanks unto Jehovah: for
He is good;
For His loving kindness endureth
forever.
Enter into His gates with thanks-
giving,
And into His courts with praise."
—From Psalms 106 and 100.

The first Thank Offering service April 14, 1888 was a day of prayer and thanksgiving. It was suggested that a service of prayer and praise be held from 2 to 4 p.m.; the first hour to be spent in conference and prayer, and the second in praise and the gathering of the Thank Offering. Invitations had been sent out to all women and children of the church whether members of the societies or not. With each invitation was sent an envelope marked "Thank Offering" in which was to be placed with the offering a text of Scripture, a word of thanks, a brief prayer or mention of that special blessing for which the Thank Offering was given.

Throughout the years the Thank Offerings at home and abroad have helped immeasurably in furthering the work which God has assigned to the women of the church as our responsibility in the great task of taking the Gospel into all the world.

At this season of the year, not

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS
"For all the bounties heaven doth give,
Give Thanks!"

only the societies and churches at home are presenting their Love Offerings at especially planned Thank Offering services; but also, in like manner, the societies of our mission fields far across the seas are bringing their Thank Offerings to God. The earnestness and faithfulness of many of these people afford us at home the true meaning of thankful and sacrificial giving; for example, the story of the Indian woman from Gurdaspur who told how she gathered her Thank Offering every morning and evening when she prepared the meal. She laid aside one handful of meal or whatever she was preparing, and when it was sold it came to five rupees which was her "Thank-You" gift to her Lord.

Upon the Thank Offering of the United Presbyterian Church God has truly set His approval. Through His blessing and guidance the ever-increasing responsibility at home and abroad has been accepted. The Thank Offering has been far reaching in its influence, extending its horizons even unto the uttermost parts of the earth. It is indeed wonderful to reflect upon the loving faith and gratitude of God's people who have yearly placed upon His altar these generous gifts of thanksgiving in order to carry the blessed Gospel to others.

ATTENTION SOCIETY THANK OFFERING SECRETARIES, TEEN AGE SPONSORS AND JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS

Recording the Thank Offering

Cooperate with Society Treasurer in recording the *amount* of the Thank Offering and the *number* of Life Members, Directors and Memorial Gifts on the *Society Remittance Form*.

Cooperate with Society Treasurer in recording the *names* and *donors* of Life Members, Directors and Memorial gifts on *Society Information*

Form. For sake of accuracy, print or type these names and donors; also see that the list of those receiving certificate is *complete* and *spelled correctly*.

Note that the *Society Thank Offering money* and *Society Thank Offering Information Forms* must reach your Presbyterian Treasurer no later
(Continued on Page 179)

The Teens

MRS. R. B. McNARY, Secretary
R. R. 2, Canonsburg, Pa.

DECEMBER PROGRAM PLANS

The Inward Look—What saith John? Fellowship in Love, Light, Life—I John 1:1-3; 3:1-3; 5:13; 4:10; II John 5; III John 5-8.

Heart Verse for this month: Rejoicing Heart Psalm 105:3—"Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord."

Devotional Thought: The verses suggested for our scripture for the December meeting, tells us of how through Christ we have Love, Light, and Life. But let us turn to the story of the first Christmas found in Luke 2. Picture the faces of Joseph and Mary as they went to the inn seeking a room for the night. They were weary and troubled, the journey had been long, and they longed for a place where they could rest. But the inn keeper just classed them as poor folk of Galilee. How was he to know that a King would be born that night? So they were directed to the stable, strewn with hay, dusty with cobwebs, no doubt. But inside it was warm, and Mary was grateful that at last they had found shelter.

Suddenly a great white light from a beautiful star in the sky shone brightly into the night, and while angels sang on the hillside, Jesus our Saviour-King was born in a manger.

The same night on the hills outside the town of Bethlehem, a great and wonderful light began to shine and an angel appeared to the shepherds, and they were sore afraid. But the angel said "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." (R. S. V.)

Today as we travel along life's highway, we are still being led by that star, especially as we look for-

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS

*"For all that makes us strong to live,
Give Thanks!"*



ward to the birthday of our King. The cares of the world may try to push out the love, the light, and the life of Christianity, until we are left in a path of darkness, and saying in our hearts "No room, No room," just as the inn keeper said on that first Christmas so long ago.

The Christmas season can easily become an occasion for the making of money by business concerns which cater to Christmas shoppers. Shops are filled with tinsel and tempting gift displays. We spend hours drooling over what we shall buy for a sister, brother or friend, and then when we feel exhausted and our patience is sorely tried, we grumble and fret, even forgetting to be kind to the tired salesgirl behind the counter. We even forget whose birthday we are trying to celebrate, and the Christ Child receives the little we have left, if there is anything left after we get through with our long gift list for others. And the last-minute rush to make purchases can put us into a mood which is not conducive to the spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Unless we exercise care, the commercial aspect can overshadow the observance of the birthday of the Christ.

Now another Christmas is near, and another old year will soon draw to its close. Joyously, at this time of spiritual accounting, churches are bright and fragrant with the faith of our fathers. Over Bethlehem, the

Star still burns, and even if there is greed for power and intolerance in human relationships, we can still remind ourselves that this would be far worse if Christmas did not come each year. What would be the best news the world could hear this Christmas? Would it be the announcement that Peace and Good Will were realities? This is the beauty of Christmas, that it brings the eternal hope that goodness will survive.

FAMILIAR CHRISTMAS HYMNS

When Christmas came in the year 1865, following the close of the Civil War, Phillips Brooks, one of America's greatest clergymen, crossed the sea to seek rest and peace in the Holy Land. As he rode down from Jerusalem to the scene of the Nativity, he came at the hour when the sun was setting, the twilight fading, the stars beginning to shine, the shepherds bringing home their flocks.

Phillips Brooks gazed at the town of Bethlehem, lying there as it had on that night, two thousand years before, when a baby had been born in a manger. In imagination he heard the tramp of the crowds as they came up to be taxed by the Roman rulers. In the stars shining on him he seemed to see one star stand out, brighter than the others.

Almost he could hear the angelic choir of that first Christmas. The beauty of the moment lived in his memory. Three years later he wrote: "Oh little town of Bethlehem."

TEEN TATTLER

We welcome a new Teen-age Society, recently organized at Peter's Creek Church. The sponsors are Mrs. H. M. Matthews and Mrs. Grace Zimmerman. These girls are already planning to make dolls to be sent to a mission station for Christmas.

Chartiers Presbyterial, with Mrs. J. M. King as Presbyterial Teen-age Secretary, held a very enjoyable banquet on Tuesday evening, September 15 in the Third Church, Washington, Pa. A chicken dinner at 6:30 was followed by a delightful program. The speakers were Miss Ruth M. Nichol and Miss Elizabeth Turner, R.N., home respectively from Ethiopia and Pakistan. Their messages of inspiration about their mission work will be long remembered by the girls who heard them. Devotions were in charge of the hostess church Teen-age girls, and special music presented by the Teen-age Society of Chartiers Church in Canonsburg. Unique programs were the handiwork of the Emily Clements Teen-age Society of Mt. Prospect Church. The cover design was a cross with open Bible.

YOUTH COME TO WORSHIP

(Continued from Page 141)

for the mountain children, that they would welcome cast-off clothing. The leader was announcing now that the box should be packed soon to be at the station before Christmas. Jean began to think of several things that she could include in the box and not miss them very much. Helen must also know about worship.

Then her thoughts traveled to last summer's conference. The thing that particularly stood out was the closing candlelight service. She had been impressed by it at the time, and she determined in her heart that she would live a more Christlike life. She talked to Beth about it once. And she had done better! She had asked two girls to come to church school. And one was coming regularly. In fact, she was at the

meeting tonight. She must ask the other again. She decided to do that tomorrow.

All those little things must be worship. Jean had heard her minister say several times, "Let us worship the Lord with our tithes and offerings." But perhaps other things could be included too—money for children in Pakistan, clothes for the mountain young people, even reading to a lame friend or asking another to come to church school.

Then her gaze wandered to the nativity scene on the mantle. The wise men worshiped. They brought gifts. Jean didn't have gifts similar to theirs, but those she had she could use to worship the Lord.

The others were standing, and Jean stood with them—for the closing prayer.



The "Ibis"—one of
the continuing Junior
Special projects

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES WRIGHT FULTON, Secretary,
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.



Courtesy of American Bible Society
 Mrs. Karl Dalton, member of the Navajo tribe of Indians, presents the manuscript of the first complete Navajo New Testament to Secretary Nida at the 137th annual meeting of the American Bible Society

Indian Missions

MRS. FREDERICK E. MILLIGAN, Secretary,
 424 S. Pacific Avenue, Pittsburgh 24, Pa.

MISSIONARIES ARE NOT ALWAYS GUILTY!

Soon you will be sending boxes to the Missions for Christmas. Then you will start to watch the mails for an acknowledgment. Some will come promptly, others will take a little longer and some of you will never get an answer. This last group may find an explanation in the following portion of a letter from one of our missionaries:

"Now for an eruption concerning return addresses. These days we are receiving letters informing us that they sent us a box and never heard whether we received it or not. On our list are twenty-five entries without a name to whom we could reply.

Sometimes there will be the name of an organization. Ordinarily in such cases I refer to the General Assembly Minutes—look up the congregation to find the Presbyterial, look up the Presbyterial to learn the name of the pastor, look up the pastor to find his address, then ask him to pass the letter on to the proper organization. This year I sent 168 'Thank Yous.'"

I would suggest, before you blame the missionaries, that you are sure that each box bears the *name and address of a person*, both inside and out, to whom reply can be made.

NEW COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

Glen L. Emmons of Gallup, New Mexico, has been named by President Eisenhower to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Mr. Emmons has been President and Chairman of the
 (Continued on Page 178)

Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary
4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

SEVEN NEW TEACHERS ON EZEL STAFF; ELEMENTARY ROOMS CROWDED

Fifty-six beginners are too many for one first-grade room, but that is the enrollment in Ezel's first grade this year. There are also nearly fifty in three other grade rooms. The total enrollment for the school is about the same as last year, 439. But the grades are overcrowded.

Seven new teachers have taken up their duties on Ezel's staff, replacing those who left Ezel for other fields of service. Three of these new teachers are graduates of our Kentucky mission schools. Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy and Mrs. Ora Mynhier came to us after several years' experience in Menifee County. Mr. Murphy, our new fifth grade teacher, is a graduate of Ezel School and Morehead College; Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Mynhier, graduates of Frenchburg School, are teaching third and fourth grades.

This brings to a total of five the teachers from our own schools who are helping Ezel School. Mr. Stanley Trimble and Mr. Glen Helton of our high school faculty are both graduates of Ezel School.

In our high school this year, we have four new teachers: Miss Wanda Aigner, English and Speech; Miss Betty Kazbek, Librarian and English; Mrs. Ann Adair McGeoch, Bible and Physical Education; and Miss Lois Raube, Home Economics.

Miss Aigner, from Wolverton, Minnesota, is a graduate of Bob Jones University and holds her Master's Degree in Speech from that same institution. Miss Kazbek is a graduate of New York University and has studied at New York Biblical Seminary. Mrs. McGeoch is a graduate of Sterling College, a daughter of our

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS

"For blessings rich beyond compare, Give Thanks!"

Sudan Mission and had just begun to serve with her late husband in the Mission in Egypt before his sudden death a year ago. Miss Raube is our New Home Economics teacher and manager of the school lunch room. She comes from Caldwell, New Jersey, and was graduated from Wheaton College in June.

Mrs. H. C. Haines, our pastor's wife, is teaching Bible in all the eight grades of the school. She was relieved of her full-time assignment as third-grade teacher in order to take the Bible teaching which is her chosen field. Mrs. Heagen has been given a full assignment this year, teaching typing and Bible.

This makes a complete staff of teachers except for music. This year, as last, we plan to use Mr. Francis Aple, a student at Morehead College to help with the music.

EZEL CHURCH RE-DEDICATES SANCTUARY

On Sabbath, September 13, the Ezel Community United Presbyterian Church held a service of re-dedication for the newly finished sanctuary of the church. During the summer, the church pews had been refinished and the floors sanded and sealed. These pews were the ones rescued from the first church building when it burned about 1913. A family in the congregation had provided new carpet runners for the aisle and front and back of the sanctuary to match the deep red of the dossal curtain, back of the pulpit. New pulpit furniture had been added last year by the congregation and friends.

Rev. Ronald C. Boyer, D.D., former Synodical Secretary, was guest speaker for the morning service. Several former members and friends were

present for the service. The new sanctuary is most conducive to worship.

Ezel Church was privileged on Sabbath, September 6, to have Don McClure, D.D., bring the morning message. Dr. and Mrs. McClure were visitors on the school campus on Friday when Dr. "Don" spoke in the school chapel service and also at the Ezel Brotherhood meeting. On Saturday all the staff and their families enjoyed a pleasant outing at Natural Bridge Park. Some of the oldsters climbed the mountain while the youngsters enjoyed the swimming pool. After a picnic supper, the group gathered around the fire for praise and prayer.

William A. Heagen, Supt.

RECORD ENROLLMENT AT FRENCHBURG

In both the elementary and secondary divisions, Frenchburg School has the highest enrollment in its history. There are 219 in high school and 235 in the eight grades. There are thirty-five in the Senior Class and at the other end of the line, thirty-six in the first grade. The recreation room at the dormitory as well as one of the high school rooms have been taken over for use of the elementary grades.

Miss Marian Scott from Ocean Port, New Jersey, has been appointed as principal of the high school. Mr. and Mrs. Clay Banks, formerly with the Buckhorn School at Buckhorn,

Kentucky, have joined the staff—Mr. Banks as Vocational Agriculture teacher and Mrs. Banks as teacher of English and History. Miss Rebecca Morriss is a new teacher of Home Economics. Miss Bertha Pecht of Milroy, Pennsylvania, Mr. David Anderson of Emmalena, Kentucky and Miss Irene Hays of the Frenchburg high school staff are the new teachers in the elementary school. Mrs. Myrtle Smith of Rocky Ford, Colorado has accepted the position of dietitian for the dormitory.

There is still the need for a maintenance man as well as for registered nurses and a dietitian to complete the hospital staff. We ask our readers to remember these vital needs in prayer.

There have been many applications from boys and girls for the dormitory. All could not be accepted, but at present there are twenty girls and fourteen boys. With a good part of the dormitory now used for staff, no more students can be taken. One of the difficulties in securing staff members is the lack of adequate living quarters. If this work is to continue, some provision must be made to house workers.

As we take up the work of another school year, we are beset with many problems and discouraging factors. Yet we see a challenge to go forward and carry on. Our mission is to present Christ in all of His loveliness. Pray that nothing may thwart the fulfillment of that aim.

Arthur Gathman, Superintendent

INDIAN MISSIONS (Continued from Page 176)

Board of the First State Bank of Gallup. He was endorsed for the appointment last December by the Advisory Committee of the Navajo Tribal Council. Some Navajos say that Mr. Emmons' appointment was the best news they have heard since release from captivity at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. They believe that his

administration will be organized around his years of successful experience among Navajos. This makes them feel encouraged to try even harder to better their conditions. They also feel that their needs will be carefully studied and help given. We sincerely hope the Navajos are correct in their judgment!

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Secretary, Imperial, Pa.

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS
"For love divine which all may
share, Give Thanks!"

Work is moving forward in our Wilcox County schools with good enrollment. This has necessitated two new school buses at Miller's Ferry. These are supplied by the county. The buses granted this time are *new* instead of second hand.

Several changes are noted in the faculty roll. Miss Gladys Ross who has been very successful in her three years as Bible teacher at Miller's Ferry has accepted a position in her home town of High Point, N. C. She is program Director for Teen-Age in the Mary McLeod Bethune Branch of the Y.W.C.A. She asks that we continue to pray for her in this new venture. Her successor in the Bible teaching is Mr. Thomas Threadgill.

A second Bible teacher has been secured for Camden Academy. She is Miss Geraldyn Pettway, a graduate of Camden Academy and of Knoxville College. She was very active in the Christian life of the campus at Knoxville, receiving the "McClatchey Award" in recognition of her efforts. Miss Frances Boyd returns for her second year of Bible teaching at Camden. She is a Knoxville graduate.

Mrs. Louise Burrell, our school

nurse, has left to be with her husband and no one has yet been found to take her place. This, too, should be a matter for prayer as the community service of a nurse is badly needed.

Quite a few of our teachers have been in school this past summer. Three of our principals have also been students. Mr. William T. Peters of Prairie was at Tuskegee; Mr. A. C. Peoples of Camden attended Alabama State; Mr. B. T. Ridgeway of Miller's Ferry enrolled at Atlanta University.

Rev. C. C. Brown transported eight Alabama students to Knoxville for the opening of college in September. Rev. and Mrs. Brown are rejoicing over the coming of a new daughter in their home. She is Iris Lynne, a sister for Cecile.

Dr. and Mrs. D. F. White, now retired in Selma, are in their usual health. Dr. White enjoys teaching a class each Sabbath for Rev. Brown.

Mr. George Smith, a graduate of Miller's Ferry and of Knoxville College, has entered Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary after having taught for two years at Annemarie. Mrs. Smith is employed in the WGMS Lit. Dept.

THANK OFFERING (Continued from Page 172)

than November 15; at the Presbyterian level, all *Thank Offering money* and the original *Society T.O. Information Forms* must reach office of WGMS Treasurer no later than Dec. 1.

The certificates for Senior Life

Members, Junior Life Members, Life Directors and Memorials Gifts will be sent to Society Thank Offering Secretaries, Teen Age Sponsors and Junior Superintendents who will present them at their next meeting.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS (1953 T. O.) \$25.00 Each

28. Mrs. John M. Porter, Holton, Kansas. By her husband.

29. Mrs. A. M. Porter, Mayetta, Kansas. By her husband.

30. Mrs. Frank Hepler, Evans City, Pa. By her family, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Frank Barto.

31. Mrs. Ira Duncan, Allerton, Iowa. By members of Allerton, Iowa WMS.

32. Mrs. Agnes McCall,

Allerton, Iowa. By the Allerton, Iowa S.S.

33. Mrs. Edith Snodgrass, Allerton, Iowa. By the Allerton, Iowa S.S.

34. Mrs. Golda Snodgrass, Allerton, Iowa. By the Allerton, Iowa S.S.

November, 1953

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Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary,
847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS
"For mercies which the past displays, Give Thanks!"

HEARING
THE
CALL,
THEY
GO

Louisa G. Hines, R.N.



Beverly J. Day



The Women's Board is happy to announce the appointment of Miss Beverly J. Day and Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., as career missionaries. These young women have each completed a short-term service, Miss Day at Atbara, North Sudan and Miss Hines at the Martha McKown Hospital, Tanta, Egypt. According to the service plan, the Women's Board has taken the necessary steps for this change of status and gladly welcomes these, who have proved themselves efficient and faithful as short-termers, into full membership in the Missions where they served. After some further study, they will sail next summer.

Mrs. Alma Ross of the Trinity Church, Spokane, Washington, has been appointed as housemother for the little girls of the boarding department of the Mary Clokey Porter Girls' School of Tanta, Egypt. Having reared a family of four boys and a foster daughter, and serving for ten years in a Government Hospital as cook and special diet cook, she is well-fitted for her duties as matron. After the death of her husband, with her family educated and "on their own," she offered to serve in the Mission in Egypt. The Women's Board is happy to appoint Mrs. Ross and we trust she may have years of joyful service.

Secretary's note: There are places where older women can serve very acceptably in our Missions; newly retired Christian teachers who are physically able could render a fine service. The Board hopes others may hear the call.

IF YOU ARE A NURSE

with a Christian devotion and a vision of missionary service overseas, we have a job for you! The Mission Hospital in Tanta, Egypt, is in great need of additional staff in order to carry on its program of service in the Delta area among Christian and Muslim people, rich and poor, who need the ministry of healing possible here. General nurses are always needed, and also those trained and skilled in special lines, for the operating room, and also those who are qualified to assist in the Nurses' Training School.

This is an opportunity for a qualified nurse to serve her Lord in a needy place and to bring joy and enrichment to her Christian life and in His Name "heal the sick."

COME OVER AND HELP US

The minutes of every Mission bring to the sending Boards the personnel needs for overseas service. Personal illness or illness in the family, and retirement after many years of devoted service are thinning our ranks of permanent staff. The Missions are emphasizing the great need for young women who will be under career appointment and study the language, preparatory to taking responsibility when others must give up the duties they have carried so long and well. Surely there are devoted, Christian young women in our United Presbyterian Church who could answer this call.

There are also calls for those who could serve for three years in institutions in our Foreign Missions. Here are some of the personnel needs:

In Ezbekieh School For Girls, Cairo, Egypt—a teacher who could teach English, U. S. History, Geography, Hygiene and Bible, to be on duty for school in September, 1954.

In the Schutz School For Missionary Children, Assiut, Egypt—an urgent call now for an elementary grade teacher and also one for what would be our 9th, 10th and 11th grades in September 1954. A housemother is necessary for September 1954, as the present one may not be able to serve longer. When we think of all these children, five of whom came from The Sudan, having been on their way for two weeks, about 18 children in the grades, we see what an urgent need is here.

Our hospitals are short of staff.

Tanta Hospital in Egypt needs nurses for general duty and for operating rooms. Pakistan, Ethiopia, The Sudan and Egypt all needs doctors, either men or women, and nurses.

The schools of the North Sudan are in need of teachers for the grades and one who could direct a Teacher Training Course which would train native teachers for the schools. Khartoum North, Atbara, Wad Medani schools all need personnel, so that the principals may be released for supervision and administrative duties.

The needs are endless, doors are open! "Who will go for us?"

Dr. E. E. Grice of the Board of Foreign Missions and Mrs. Arthur B. McBride of the Women's Board will gladly receive inquiries concerning career or short-term service and counsel any candidates.

LEARNING OF HIM

There is Kokab, an only child and quite spoiled, learning to live, give and take, with other girls; Fawzeyya, wise beyond her years and extremely talkative, learning to curb her tongue and thoughts. Little Attayet who but for the generosity of a cousin, would be playing out on the streets, is learning cleanliness or orderliness as she never saw it before. Awatif is developing day by day into a sweet, responsible and attractive young girl. Fawqeya, who likes her own way too well, is learning to give in and see the other person's side and adjust to the wishes of others. Angello, who likes to tease and startle others, an-

noying them, has daily lessons in controlling her impulses.

But, perhaps you say, all those lessons are no different from what girls at home have to learn. True, girls are the same the world over. But the foundation of our living and working and playing together is Jesus Christ—and we try to put Him first in everything, the foundation of all our behavior and relationships. And that is not easy in an environment where His way is not known and His name is not honored. Pray that each step of the way for these and all our girls, may be a step upwards toward that ideal of perfection in Christ Jesus, as the Way, the Truth and the Life. Beside the school there is a large open field, which the fertile Nile waters flood each September; so must the hearts and lives of these girls overflow with the love and grace of God, if they would bring forth an abundant harvest.

Martha Roy

GHIMEERA NEWS

The new WGMS house has been promised and plans have been approved. Mrs. Ruth L. Walker writes: "The trees are still in the forest! The truck barely made the trip to Maji some months ago and is laid up there, so we have no transport from the forest, sixteen miles away, and there is no truck in this part of the country which we might hire.

"For the present, I am quite comfortable in the rooms which were built as temporary housing for the Haspels family. Two of the rooms have cement floors; the large room where I have meetings for the women and where I have to store my supplies and cases, is not in very good condition; the walls lean and the grass roof is leaking! We hope to have some repairs before long; I am not very optimistic about having a new house very soon. Starting in from 'scratch' in such a primitive spot has its problems, but I'm an old hand at improvisation so I am not troubled too much.

"We closed the first session of school here with 26 pupils on the roll; I think we shall have many more children next term for they had begun to come during the last weeks of school and were encouraged to wait for the beginning of the new term in September. I have morning classes with the two young men teachers and together we have evening classes with all the workmen, which includes a group of fourteen. We are going to try to make our little group 100% literate, if possible.

"Three wives whom I tried to teach to read, came here for medical aid, wearing just a cloth tied around their waists; now they are fully clothed, home-makers, and within the year have become regular attendants at worship on the Lord's Day, at the afternoon meeting with me on Wednesday when we follow our Bible lesson with sewing or kitting. We have a prayer meeting in their homes on Friday."

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL

The past year's work has been satisfying and filled with much joy. How very thankful we were for the word which came to us that money has been appropriated for the Women's Board residence in Addis Ababa. When this new building can be erected, it will certainly be a big help to the work in general. Because Addis Ababa is like a headquarters, we have people in and out all through the year, and really do not have adequate space for accommodating them. We look forward to the day when we will actually have a new residence.

How very thankful we have been for Anna Ens' help. In only a few weeks after her arrival she found her place in our midst and I believe has thoroughly enjoyed her work. We both have been kept busy every minute of the day and marvel that Ruth Nichol was able to carry the load for so many years by herself. She was such a help and blessing to me as a new missionary. We did hate to see her go home for her furlough, and

are looking forward to the time when she can be back on the field among us.

It has been a real joy to visit in The Sudan. We spent a few days at Doleib Hill and got a glimpse of the many activities which crowd their busy days. My sister and her husband took us to Wangel to see the work there, a thrilling experience. We stopped en route with the folks at Atar. Apart from all of these new experiences, I always find vacation days a wonderful time for evaluating my own work and planning and praying for the days ahead. Already I find myself eagerly looking forward to the next year's work. What a privilege it is to be able to work among these folks who have so little opportunity of learning of the things of the Lord. We are praying that the Lord will call those of His own, choosing who will come out and help in this work. Oh, how we do need more workers!

Ruth E. McCreery

NASIR NUZ'N NOTES

By MISS RAY HUFFMAN, R.N.

Our ex-sorceress inquirer refused to go to a "prophet" recently when she was ill and even refused to sacrifice a cow here when she was urged by friends. She has recovered and felt like a conqueror.

* * *

A woman and her two adult daughters enrolled as inquirers but we were not surprised at them for they had been staying at Mother-of-Nyakang's village. Mother-of-Nyakang's faith is just as infectious as measles and lasts longer. Anyone who

stays at her village very long wants to be a Christian.

* * *

Remember the inquirers, new Christians, village work, printing, printer, evangelists.

A happy, enthusiastic, appreciative guest sailed away from our shores to England on September first. As she turned her face toward Pakistan, she wrote:

"Words fail me to express my thanks to you for all you have done for me to make it possible for me to stay in your beautiful, beloved country. Every minute is taking me miles away from you all. But the happy memories of everything will always be precious to me, as the experience has given me new zeal and new enthusiasm for my work in Pakistan. It was hard to say 'Good Bye' to all of you, but duty calls me.

Fare thee well, Fare thee well,
As the parting time has come.
Heaven's protection still attend thee

Till we meet each other again."

In England Miss Williams will trans-ship to the *Cilicia* of the Anchor Line for Pakistan. She planned to join Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Miller and Rev. and Mrs. William Sutherland in England and to travel with them to Karachi, where they expected to arrive September 30, and then back to her home in Sialkot.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Miss Mary Frances Dawson of Girls' College, Cairo, Egypt, stopped enroute to attend a Home Economics Conference in Edinburgh, Scotland. She reports the Conference interesting and worthwhile. She made some good contacts, as there are two re-



cently retired Home Economics teachers (one from Oregon State College, the other she met in Edinburgh) who are to assist for six months in getting the expanded department set up at the College.

Miss Dawson visited Miss M. Stella Robertson, formerly of Girls' College, at her home in Crail, Fife, and says Miss Robertson is well and seems happily situated. She also visited Mrs. Louise Williamson Alloway, a former teacher in Egypt, who seems happy with her English husband and two little boys.

* * *

Miss Davida M. Finney of Cairo, Egypt, furloughed in America because of the necessity of a serious operation, has recovered wonderfully and will sail October 9. She has gained in energy and weight, and we trust she will be spared for consultation in the literature work in Egypt for many years.

* * *

Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., short-termmer in Tanta Hospital, reports a most restful, relaxing, interesting vacation in Lebanon and Damascus and the Arab part of the Holy Land. She is gradually picking up a working knowledge of Arabic and many are eager to help her. Miss Law's main interest, other than her nursing duties, is the Bible Study group for Egyptian and American nurses. Using the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship study guide, the book of Mark has brought increased interest to them.

Miss Frances Turk, R.N., is "at home" in El Obeid, The Sudan. During her first month back she visited her pupils, saw some new prospects, cared for guests and stewed over the workers as she watched them waste time, materials and money putting the small addition to her house. Two heavy rains have provided moist soil for a garden where she has planted some Rosella plants; the petals of the blossom make a nice drink to serve to guests. Some watermelon seeds are up and also some nice zinnias. She hoped the desert garden would soon adorn her dwelling place and hide some of its imperfections. The Bible reading with Christian Nubas, teaching eager Moslems to read, teaching and visiting in the homes keep her busy and happy. She asked for prayer that doors may be opened and women ready to hear The Word.

* * *

In the effort to obtain the necessary short-termers for Mission institutions, one has varied reactions during the correspondence. In a recent letter from a young woman being considered and examined, these heart-warming sentences came: "Your last two letters have filled my heart with great hope and thanksgiving. It would be a wonderful challenge to teach in the Girls' School. What a joy to have the privilege of serving the Lord in this way. It has been my desire for so long my joy knows no bounds as I look forward to appointment, if it is the Lord's will . . . With much prayer and eager anticipation . . ."

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1951	Tanta
Miss L. Vernelle Blair, 1952	Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Brooks, R.N., 1953	Assiut
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1951	Assiut
Miss Eloise Crabbe, 1952	Assiut
Miss Lois R. Ellifritz, 1950	Cairo
Miss Lois A. Giffen, R.N., 1952	Assiut
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952	Tanta
Miss E. Marion Greenleese, 1951	Assiut
Miss Dorothy E. Hagman, 1951	Cairo
Miss Rosella M. Hutchison, M.N., 1951	Tanta
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952	Tanta
Miss Catherine M. Jamieson, 1952	Cairo
Miss Lida E. Knight, 1951	Assiut
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952	Tanta
Miss Sara Jane Nesser, 1951	Tanta
Miss Ruth L. Nolte, 1951	Tanta

Miss Rosemarie Otto, 1952	Cairo
Miss Ruth Romaine, 1953	Assiut
Miss Martha E. Sisley, 1951	Assiut
Miss M. Patricia Trimble, 1951	Assiut
Miss Mary Elisabeth Wilson, R.N., 1952	Tanta

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Martha L. Pollock, 1953	Malakal
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ETHIOPIA

Miss Anna H. Ens, 1952	Box 1111, Addis Ababa
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Under Appointment

Mrs. Alma P. Ross, 1953	2024 Riverview Dr., Spokane 12, Wash.
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Note: In addressing these short-termers please remember to put "% American Mission" with each foreign address.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary,
379 Questend Ave., Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS

*"For guidance all along life's
ways, Give Thanks!"*

PROTEST AGAIN AND AGAIN!

Once more we beg you to use your power of protest—THIS IS ONE THING WE CAN DO! Within the week, (this is being written September 25th), we have sent a letter to all Presbyterian Temperance Secretaries, enclosing a copy of a letter from Miss Elizabeth Smart, Secretary of the National Temperance and Prohibition Council, of which our denomination is a part, concerning liquor on military bases. In the event this news has not reached every society, we repeat it—in any case it should be repeated over and over, until all of us have taken upon ourselves this responsibility.

The first part of September, a directive was issued by the Adjutant General of the Army, permitting the sale of liquor by the drink or by the bottle to commissioned and non-commissioned officers over the age of 21, at their "open messes." This is undoubtedly a trial balloon which, if successful, will lead to its extension to enlisted men's clubs. Even now, it is reported, enlisted men can bring liquor from outside to family quarters if they live in such quarters on the base.

Concerning this, Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, President of the National WCTU immediately issued a statement, from which the following is taken: "Twenty thousand young men who went into the Army as non-alcoholics and came out alcoholics had passed through Veterans' Hospitals last year, and that under this new order we could expect the number to be doubled next year."

In closing her letter, Miss Smart quotes the following statement, "The Army hopes that most of the fuss will be forgotten by next January, when Congress comes back to Washington," and then adds, "let's show

them that this is more than a fuss, and that it will never be forgotten until the matter is rectified."

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN, LET US JOIN "THE FUSS," AND MAKE OURSELVES HEARD THROUGH THOUSANDS OF LETTERS, AND PETITIONS!

Send both individual letters, AND resolutions from organizations to:

(1) *The President*, the White House, Washington, D.C. (As the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and as head of the administration of which the Department of Defense is a branch).

(2) *Hon. Dewey Short*, Chairman, House Armed Service Committee, House Office Bldg., Washington, D.C.

(3) *Senator Leverett Saltonstall*, Chairman, Senate Committee on Armed Services, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.

(4) *Your own Congressmen and Senators*, urging them to take Congressional action to remedy the situation.

ANOTHER FILM

THE CHOICE IS YOURS, released a little time ago by the WCTU, is considered their best teaching film. It is black and white, but contains a long animation sequence in color, which shows scientifically the effects of beverage alcohol on the body. The members of the cast are players of ability, having had experience in radio, television and motion pictures. The three main characters are a ten-year-old boy, his sixteen-year-old sister, and their friend and Chemistry teacher, Professor Wilson. The young people, confused by the claims of the liquor ads, ask their professor to tell them the *real truth* about social drinking: Can they believe the

(Continued on Page 189)

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

GOOD AND PERFECT GIFTS
"For promised grace for future
days, Give Thanks!"

1954 READING COURSE—FOREIGN AND HOME SELECTIONS

(Choose one book in each group)

The theme of our foreign study for 1954 is "The Life and Task of the Church Around the World." A comprehensive view of the world-wide Christian Church should encourage us and give us new incentive for promoting the mission task entrusted to us.

That the World May Know (A) by Charles W. Ranson. 176 pages. Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. Dr. Ranson, General Secretary of the International Missionary Council, shows us that in the midst of a disillusioned world stand some things that cannot be shaken—the reality of Christ, His gospel, and the unchanging task He has set before us. Through loyalty to these facts and faithful witnessing the church has become world-wide. Leadership is being trained for every type of Christian service to nurture the younger churches. Vision and venture are necessary qualities for the older as well as the younger churches as we look to the future. This is the basic study book.

Report from Christian Europe (A) by Stewart W. Herman. 224 pages. Cloth \$2.50. How much do we know about the church in Europe? Dr. Herman has lived and traveled in Europe for the past seventeen years and writes from his wide experience with the church there. His purpose is "to assess the role of religion in Europe today." Dr. Herman treats of five subjects—Social Structure, Relation of Church and State, Roman Catholicism, Communism, and The Struggle for Peace. This book could be used as the basis for a number of discussion meetings.

Where'er the Sun (AY) by Samuel H. Moffett. 128 pages. Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. "Where'er the sun" rises and sets in our world to-

day there are groups of worshipping and working Christians. Through the use of interesting stories about individuals and groups, Dr. Moffett takes us to Asia, the islands of the Pacific, Africa, Europe, and the Americas to see how Christianity is changing lives and communities. We see Christ as the answer to problems in every land. While much has been accomplished there are frontiers everywhere that can be pushed back by Christians who are willing to be used.

The Church We Cannot See (T) by Nelle Morton. 128 pages. Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. This is a book of excellent stories based on the thesis that the church is more than a building. We learn that "the Church is everywhere"—under a mango tree, on a boat, in a trailer, in a home. Even when the building burns there is still a church. We meet people around the world (including our own Keis Gidada of Ethiopia) who make up the church and see them sharing food, love, healing because they all love Christ. The teen-ager will grow in his understanding of the church as a world-wide fellowship.

HELPS FOR YOUR FOREIGN STUDY

Adult Guide—by Theodore Romig. Paper, 50¢

Youth Guide by Wyatt Jones. Paper, 50¢

Teen-age Guide by Nelle Morton. Paper, 50¢

Where There Is Life edited by Leslie Sayre. 64 pages. Cloth \$1.50; paper \$1.00. A visual presentation of the foreign theme that seeks to show what a difference Christianity really makes. This is a good book

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

to pass around to those too busy to read or to shut-ins. Use it as additional help with one of study books.

Know, a Workbook on the foreign theme by Mrs. E. D. McKune. 50¢ plus 10¢ postage. Here are many interesting ideas to give variety and pep to your study class this winter. You will find a drama *A Sick World Seeks Help*, quizzes, map study, matching test, puppet play, projects, quotations, etc. (Order this book from the Literature Dept.—address above.)

The theme for 1953 home study is "Spanish Speaking Americans." While our church does not have any work among these people it is well to know something of their problems and how the Christian church is meeting them.

Within These Borders (AY) by John R. Scotford. 160 pages. Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. Dr. Scotford gives us an interesting account of the early Spanish settlers in the United States and their descendants, then reports on the later arrivals who have settled in Texas and California or have taken jobs in industry in our cities or are performing migrant labor on our farms. The most recent arrivals in this procession are the Puerto Ricans and Cubans who have come in large numbers to New York and to Florida. Among all of these groups the church is at work.

Who? (AY) edited by Mae H. Ashworth. 80 pages. Paper 50¢. The brief stories and articles about and by Spanish-speaking Americans in this digest-type booklet (similar to *Now* and *How*) as well as photographs are excellent illustrations of the facts Dr. Scotford presents in his book. (See above). We learn of the achievements of individuals and groups, see their needs and what Christian churches are doing to help. Excellent book for busy people.

Papi (T) by Eleanor Hull. 144 pages. Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.25. This is the story of a teen-age Puerto Rican boy living in the crowded East Harlem section of New York City.

Torn between admiration for Angel, the gang leader, and the friendliness and helpfulness of Mr. Farrell, the minister of the store-front church, Papi finally works out the answers to his problems. His experiences are typical of those of any teen-age young person coming to one of America's big cities from a foreign land.

Miracle in the Hills (AY) by Mary T. Martin Sloop, M.D., with Legette Blythe (AY). 232 pages. Cloth \$3.50. The story of Crossnore, North Carolina and its two Doctors Sloop. Unable to realize their ambition to be foreign missionaries (Presbyterian) the two young doctors decided to dedicate their lives to service in the southern mountains. The town of their choice had a population of 23. A dark shed served as schoolhouse, church and courtroom. Their early medical service was a real pioneer effort, involving long trips on horseback into the hills and operations and treatments under the most primitive conditions. Under their leadership Crossnore has grown to an institution with modern school buildings, a stone church and a small hospital. In 1951 Dr. Mary Sloop was chosen American mother of the year.

NOTICE!

Order all the above books with the exception of *Know* from the United Presbyterian Book Store, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa. Make checks payable to Samuel W. Shane, Treas. (Pennsylvania residents—do not forget to include sales tax on books.)

The Inspirational and Biography sections of the Reading Course will appear in the December *Missionary Horizons*.

Miss Gertrude Kaler who has been our most efficient office assistant for some years has taken a position with the Board of American Missions. The new assistant is Mrs. George Smith of Montgomery, Alabama, whose husband is a Junior student at Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary.

Tributes

Mrs. J. C. Lawrence (Clyde S.)

The Women's Missionary Society of Canon City, Colorado, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of our friend and co-worker, Mrs. J. C. Lawrence, who was called to her heavenly home July 17th.

We shall long cherish her wise counsel, knowledge of missions, and loyal support of the church. She was a Life Member of WGMS and held office in the local society for many years. Many children were influenced to live Christian lives during the years she served as superintendent of the Primary Department. Their lives are a living tribute to her example.

Instead of floral tributes being given at the time of her passing her friends contributed to a memorial fund to be used in the cause of missions. To her loved ones we extend our sincere sympathy, and commend them to the care of Him she served so faithfully.

Committee

Miss Ellen McKee

Revelation 14:13

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Those who knew her best shall always remember one of her favorite verses, taken from the Bible, Malachi 3:16, as she reviewed it in the classroom on Sabbath morning as follows: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

What greater tribute can be written of her devotion to her Church, her faithfulness to the Missionary Society through her entire life, and the part she had taken. We prefer to believe she lives on—continuing in a larger sphere in co-operation with her Master, whom she loved and served, and the work she had here begun.

Therefore, be it resolved that we the members of the Women's Missionary Society of our Church, of which she was a most faithful member, bear testimony to the highest esteem in which she was held by those closely associated with her.

Revelation 7:15

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne, shall dwell among them."

We mourn her loss, and treasure her memory for her unflinching faith, and her joy in the Master's service.

So shall it be, at last
On that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's
 shadows flee,
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight
 dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought
 I am with Thee.

The Committee

Mrs. Minnie Confer, Chairman
Mrs. Sadie Zimmerman
Miss Minnie Silver

Mrs. Mary Imhoff Smiley

The Women's Missionary Society of the North Buffalo Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Imhoff Smiley who was called home on August 8, 1953.

Her quiet, devout Christian life was an inspiration to all who knew her. We shall always cherish her memory and to her loved ones we extend our sincere sympathy, and commend them to the care of Him whom she loved and served.

Your memory is our keepsake
With that we'll never part
God has you in his keeping
We have you in our hearts.

Committee

Mrs. Margaret Jamieson

The Woman's Missionary Society of Arlington, Wisconsin, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Margaret Jamieson who passed away August 15, 1953. We shall cherish her faithfulness and devotion to the society.

Woman's Missionary Society

Mrs. Margaruite Ballard

One of our charter and life members, Mrs. Margaruite Ballard, passed away on the second of April. She had worked with the Sunday School for twenty-six years and was instrumental in getting our Community United Presbyterian Church organized and functioning. She served as church treasurer for many years.

As a tribute for her outstanding services to the church and to the community, the Missionary Society and the local Woman's Association purchased a beautiful solid brass cross as a gift to the church, in her honor.

As she knew the hour was near, it was presented to her a few short days before God in His mercy granted her rest from her labor and peace without pain.

The Ilda Smith Missionary Society
Telluride, Colorado

Mrs. Anna Graham

The Women's Missionary Society of the Covington U. P. Church, Pavilion, N. Y., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Anna Graham who was called to her heavenly home May 1, 1953.

Her kind and quiet Christian life was a worthy example and inspiration to all. Her deep interest in her missionary society and church, even when her health did not permit her to attend the meetings, will always be remembered.

We extend to her loved ones sincerest sympathy and commend them to the master who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Mrs. William Bennett
Miss Ada Bruce
Mrs. Herbert Toal

Mrs. Elmer Barringer

The Ladies Guild of the University Heights Community Church of Cleveland wish to honor the memory of Mrs. Elmer Barringer, called to her heavenly home on February 4, 1953.

Mrs. Barringer was a charter member of the church and for many years a faithful supporter of the church, the Sunday School and the Ladies Guild. She served two different terms as Guild President, and was Treasurer at the time of her death.

Mrs. Barringer's example of devotion to service will ever remain an inspiration to all who knew her.

Mrs. Thomas Lamont
Mrs. L. O. Keepers

Jesse MacLean

The members of the "A. E. Stoddard" Missionary Society of the First U.P. Church, Newton, Mass., wishes to pay loving tribute to a dear member, Jessie MacLean, who was called to her heavenly home, August 31, 1953. She was a life member

of the WGMS and a willing and faithful member of our society. We shall miss her friendly smile and quiet presence among us, but will think of her as "living in our Father's mansion, serving in another room."

To her husband and loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy, and commend them to the Father's loving care.

Written by Agnes M. MacRitchie,
President

Mrs. Nettie Thompson Chambers

The Women's Missionary Society and the Ethel Chambers Missionary Society of the Second United Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Nettie Thompson Chambers who was called to her heavenly home Wednesday, August 5, 1953.

She was a charter member of Second Church, was deeply devoted to the church, and a tireless worker in the service of her Master, having for years taught in the Sabbath School until illness forced her to give up teaching. She was also instrumental in organizing the Ethel Chambers Society.

Her fine Christian character, cheerful manner, and her faithfulness to Christ and His cause were an inspiration to all who knew her.

Her passing has been a great loss to us, but we humbly bow to the will of God, who "doeth all things well."

We extend our sincere sympathy to her loved ones and commend them to the Saviour, whom she loved and served.

In our thoughts we hold a memory
Of our friends that we love best.
Friendships that have made life sweeter,
Strong enough to stand the test.

Yet these earthly ties must sever
When we're called to heaven above,
There again to be united
With the dear ones that we loved.

The Committee

TEMPERANCE AND REFORM
(Continued from Page 185)

ads? What is beverage alcohol? Is it always harmful? How does it react inside the body? etc.

Featured in the film is Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, Vice President of the University of Illinois, and well known in medical and educational work in this field. Dr. Ivy's indisputable facts are brought to the audience in simple, non-technical language.

The film is written and presented

in such a way that its message can be grasped by children as well as by high school and college students, and adults. It is, therefore, good for general use. The running time is 23 minutes.

Order from the Department of
Audio Visual Education
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
The rental is \$1.00 if picked up;
\$2.00 if mailed.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Agnes Ruth Bond.....
Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.
Rev. H. W. Gordon..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell..... Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney..... Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission.....
Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address.. Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman.. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian Scott, Prin. H.S. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin. Grades.. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. David Anderson..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clay Banks..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eller, Dorm. Matron.. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Virginia Hager..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hasselink..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary.. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Rebecca Morris..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothing.. Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Robert Randall..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Myrtle H. Smith, Dietitian.. Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Mrs. Prudy Dalton, Aide..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Olive Cochran, R.N.... Frenchburg, Ky.
Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Dorothea Foucar, R.N.
Supervisor..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice Olson, Technician..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joan Johnston, Office..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Wm. A. Heagen..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, Principal..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth M. Bemis..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Albert H. H. Dorsey, Agriculture.. Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer C. Haines..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary.. Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Helton..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Betty Kasbek..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ann Adair McGeoch..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Mynhier..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Raube..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble, Coach..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Eliza Hulick, Clothes Room..... Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

EZEL CHURCH

Rev. Homer Haines..... Ezel, Ky.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey
Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones
641 S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Miss Dorothy Partington..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell
86 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge
U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey
c/o D. H. Dickey, 127 Church St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent.. Annemania, Ala.
Miss Georga Lee Jackson..... Annemania, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight..... Annemania, Ala.
Mrs. K. P. Thomas..... Annemania, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Harry W. McKeldin, Ass't Prin.. Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie T. Alford..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Hazel Ballard..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Francis Boyd..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Rudolph Cooper..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Isetta S. McCaskill..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Van McDowell..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Parrish..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldine Pettway..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Neola P. Reese..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme Smith..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel Thomas..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyree..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Lizzie Washington..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whitaker..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora Whorter..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. James Reese, Pastor
at Camden and Miller's Ferry..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley, Bible..... Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt..... Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N..... Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible..... Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lillian Jenkins..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. Paul Redden..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Moselle Robinson..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Elberta Woods..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker,
Church Missionary..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway.. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand Ervin..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Curtis Lewis..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthular Mangram..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria Ridgeway..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Alice R. Scott..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Threadgill, Bible.. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Veasley..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie M. McDowell,
Girls' Matron..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges,
General Worker..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemania.
625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy
717 1/2 Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren
% Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W.,
Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White
825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950.....Tanta
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R. N., 1931.....Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945.....Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926.....Assiut
Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951.....Cairo
Miss Lois M. Finney, 1953.....Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915.....Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909.....Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921.....Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929.....Tanta
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924.....Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926.....Benha
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915.....Cairo
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916.....Minia
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949.....Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921.....Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924.....Tanta
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922.....Mansura
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925.....Fayoum
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949.....Luxor
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948.....Assiut
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947.....Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917.....Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930.....Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919.....Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932.....9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919.....Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924.....3 Sharia el Mehalla, Heliopolis, Egypt
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921.....Minia
On Furlough
Miss Beatrice H. McCellan, 1948.....R.D. 4, Xenia, Ohio
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923.....220 S. Hutchison, Muncie, Indiana
Miss Lucile B. Nichols, R.N.A., 1945.....Weldon, Iowa
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1939.....156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939.....Box 744, Sanford, Fla.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss M. Marie Allison, 1952.....Sialkot City
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924.....Lahore
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921.....Sialkot City
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937.....Sangla Hill
Miss Audrey C. Campbell, 1953.....Sialkot City
Miss Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953.....Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926.....Jhelum
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925.....Sialkot City
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913.....Campbellpur
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924.....Jhelum
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938.....Sargodha
Miss Mary H. Lents, R.N., 1950.....Taxila
Miss Barbara A. Lewis, 1953.....Sialkot City
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920.....Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938.....Sheikhupura
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937.....Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924.....Sangla Hill
Miss Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952.....Sialkot City
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916.....Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924.....Sargodha
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1923.....Campbellpur
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951.....Sialkot City

On Furlough

Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941.....90 Euclid Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931.....2612 Montgomery, Detroit 6, Mich.
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922.....Sylvia, Kansas
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947.....238 S. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930.....Hillsboro, N. Dakota
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921.....5914 Pulaski Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1933.....Winfield, Iowa
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930.....235 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947.....R. D. 1, Oil City, Pa.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922.....Pathankot
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952.....Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921.....Pathankot
On Furlough
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1923.....440 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss William M. Ramsey, 1921.....% F. G. Wright, 509 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952.....Omdurman
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919.....Wad Medani
Miss Una Cole, 1918.....Gedaref
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940.....Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945.....Nasir
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924.....Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950.....Atbara
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946.....Khartoum North

Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946.....Nasir
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926.....Box 34, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922.....Atbara
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930.....Omdurman
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946.....Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944.....Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952.....Khartoum
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951.....Doleib Hill
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921.....P. O. Box 155, El Obeld
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951.....Box 100, Gedaref
On Furlough
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949.....Box 81, R.D. 1, Wexford, Pa.
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948.....8904 Eighth St., N.W., Washington 11, D. C.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920.....Gorei
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922.....Sayo
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947.....Maji
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948.....Sayo
Miss Norma H. Kineriemen, R.N., 1953.....Addis Ababa
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948.....Sayo
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951.....Sayo
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950.....Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946.....Maji
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942.....Addis, Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923.....Ghimeera
All Maji, Sayo and Ghimeera mail:
Box 1111, Addis Ababa
On Furlough

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N. 1888.....578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933.....331 Park Ave., Nutley 10, N. J.
Under Appointment
Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953.....68 Ash Ave., Cranston 10, R. I.
Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1953.....196 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911.....United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909.....2614 Sacramento, St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918.....225 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894.....121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899.....Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921.....5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918.....% U.P. Home for Children, R.D. 1, Mars, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924.....1423 Liverpool St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906.....Aledo, Illinois
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902.....% Mrs. Campbell, 1444 Indiana Ave., Connersville, Ind.

Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922.....Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911.....102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935.....25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1934; 1944.....505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904.....2235 Norwalk Ave., Los Angeles 41, California

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908.....263 Park St., Socorro, N. Mexico
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1919.....% Mrs. John Smiley, 311 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884.....Box 922, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913.....6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893.....Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896.....Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

Miss Mary Kyle, 1904.....425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891.....325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919.....Lebo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912.....Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aurora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919.....Lenox, Iowa

(Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mr. and Mrs. Judson W. Allen.....Cairo
 Rev. and Mrs. Eugene H. Ammon.....Assiut
 Dr. and Mrs. Ewing M. Bailey.....Cairo
 8 Sharia Mehalia, Heliopolis, Cairo
 Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder.....Cairo
 Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Fleming.....Alexandria
 Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison.....Tanta
 Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison.....Tanta
 Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Kraft.....Assiut
 Rev. and Mrs. John G. Lorimer.....Cairo
 Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan.....Assiut
 Mr. Everett W. McCreery.....Assiut
 Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill.....Cairo
 Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin.....Fayoum
 *Rev. and Mrs. George E. Morrison.....Luxor
 Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin.....Assiut
 Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock.....Tanta
 Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie.....Assiut
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull.....Assiut
 Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Watkins.....Assiut

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. Dalton Galloway.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Dr. and Mrs. Orval L. Hamm.....Gardner, Kansas
 Mrs. H. A. McGeoch.....Lakeside Ave., New Concord, Ohio
 Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson.....600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McCulloch.....Dhariwal
 Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey.....Gurdaspur

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter.....Sialkot
 Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown.....Gujranwala
 Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy.....Taxila
 Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements.....Pasrur
 Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings.....Rawalpindi
 Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster.....Sialkot
 Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness.....Sargodha
 Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Harman.....Gujranwala
 Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze.....Gujranwala
 *Mrs. Horace J. McGill.....Taxila
 Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane.....Gujranwala
 Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller.....Gujranwala
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Millson.....Jhelum
 Dr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne.....Qila Sheikhupura
 Rev. and Mrs. Paul Pulliam.....Sialkot
 Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross.....Lyallpur
 Rev. and Mrs. G. LeRoy Selby.....Lyallpur
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart.....Rawalpindi
 Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart.....Gujranwala
 Dr. R. R. Stewart.....Rawalpindi
 Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland.....Taxila
 Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Tebbe.....Rawalpindi
 Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon.....Sialkot

On Furlough

*Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Blockma.....739 S. Prospect Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin.....R. D. 1, Sussex, Wis.
 Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Christy.....Waugh Ave., New Wilmington, Pa.
 Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glassman.....732 N. El Molino Ave., Pasadena 6, Calif.
 Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield.....1010 W. 1st St., Topeka, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Adair.....Obel, via Malakal
 Dr. and Mrs. J. Lowrie Anderson.....Malakal
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 *Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Arnold.....Akobo, via Malakal
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Nampa, Idaho — June, 1953

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A FAMOUS THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

Of all the Thanksgiving proclamations that have been written and published since Abraham Lincoln fixed the last Thursday in November as a national holiday, none is so well known as a Connecticut executive's proclamation of less than a dozen years ago. The author is Wilbur L. Cross, the popular ex-professor of Yale and ex-governor of Connecticut.

It was during his last term of office as chief executive of his state that the 77-year-old scholar and politico wrote this message, in words that are almost certain to carry his name down through the years. It reads:

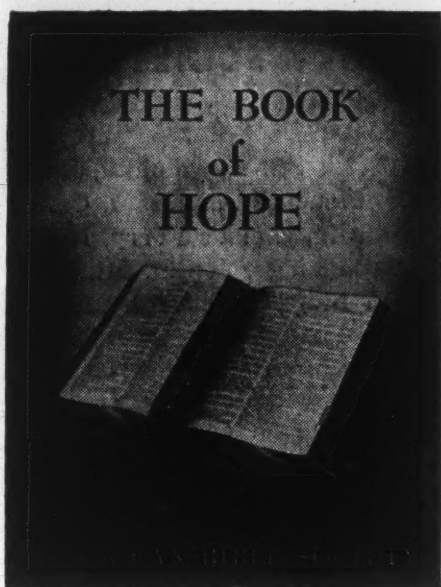
"As the colors of autumn stream down the wind, scarlet in sumac and maple, spun gold in the birches, a splendor of smoldering fire in the oaks along the hill, and the last leaves flutter away, the dusk falls briefly about the worker bringing in from the field a late load of its fruit, and Taurus is lost to sight, and Orion swings upward that great sun upon his shoulder, we are stirred once more to ponder the Infinite Goodness that has set apart for us, in all this

moving mystery of creation, a time of living and a home. In such a spirit I appoint Thursday, the twenty-fourth of November, a day of *Public Thanksgiving*.

"In such a spirit I call upon the people to acknowledge heartily, in friendly gathering and house of prayer, the increase of the season nearing now its close: the harvest of earth, the yield of patient mind and faithful hand, that have kept us fed and clothed and have made for us a shelter even against the storm.

"It is right that we . . . should give thanks also for the mercies we have enjoyed, beyond desert or any estimation, of justice, freedom, loving-kindness, peace—resolving, as we prize them, to let no occasion go without some prompting or some effort worthy in a way however humble of those proudest among men's ideals which burn, though it may be like candles fitfully in our gusty world, with a light so clear we name its source divine."

—Vincent Edwards



TENTH ANNUAL WORLDWIDE BIBLE READING

Thanksgiving to Christmas
1953
Scripture Selections

NOVEMBER

26 Thanksgiving	Psalms 103	14	Psalms 119:105-120
27	Psalms 23	15	Galatians 5
28	Psalms 43	16	Ephesians 4
29 Sunday	Psalms 130	17	I Thessalonians 5
30	Psalms 147	18	Hebrews 11:1-16

DECEMBER

1	Jeremiah 17:1-15	19	I John 3
2	Luke 5:27-39	20 Sunday	Isaiah 40
3	Luke 6:1-26	21	John 1:1-18
4	Luke 6:27-49	22	Isaiah 9:1-7
5	Acts 2	23	Isaiah 53
6 Sunday	Acts 26	24	Matthew 1:18-25
7	Romans 5	25 Christmas	Matthew 2:1-12
8	Romans 8	<i>For those who want to continue reading the Bible the last six days of the year, these passages are recommended:</i>	
9	Romans 12		
10	Romans 15:1-13	26	Matthew 2:13-23
11	I Corinthians 13	27 Sunday	Luke 4:1-21
12	I Corinthians 15:1-22	28	Isaiah 55
13 Universal		29	Proverbs 10
Bible Sunday	Psalms 119:41-56	30	Proverbs 13
		31	Psalms 90

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